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[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

Two Expeditions into the Interior of Southern Australia, during the Years 1828, 1829, 1830, and 1831: with Observations on the Soil, Climate, and General Resources of the Colony of New South Wales. By Capt. Charles Sturt, 39th Regiment, F.L.S., and F.R.G.S. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

NEW HOLLAND, or, as it is now called, Australia, is an island, or rather continent, after its own kind. The trees are ever green, which is more than can be said of the ground: the animals are not fierce, which has not been always said of the people; the rivers, instead of running towards the sea, run in many instances inland: their waters, unlike those of European rivers, are occasionally salt; the plains and hills, wherever they have been explored, are found fitter for pasturage than grain; and the climate is so favourable to human nature, that physicians are almost unknown. But there is no continuous green-sward as in England; the grasses grow in tufts, at distances from each other, like dabbled cauliflower; the woods are, in their nature, hard and heavy, and suitable mainly for cabinet work; there are few rivulets or small streams; and the land is visited every thirty or forty years by a drought so intense, that the lowest plains are parched, the lakes dried up, and the chief rivers—and some of them are large ones—actually stop in their course, and trees rise where waters ran. The chief productions of this splendid mainland are wool, grain, and butter and cheese; the chief inhabitants are convicts, or their descendants; and as the whole belongs, without dispute, to England, there is a certainty of its becoming, in course of time, the seat of empire, where our laws and language will, as in America, be established beyond the reach of fortune. No country under the sun is increasing in numerical strength like Australia: the tide of emigration, by free will, as well as by compulsion of the law, has for a long time flowed to that settlement: all those, (and they are not few,) who do not like to run the risk of becoming Americans, sail for the east; and we may see, as we glance our eye over the map, that the names of the old isle are revived in the new: we have Cumberland, Westmorland, Northumberland, and hundreds of others equally well known, which show what the settlers are thinking about, and to what land they are looking.

We are but as yet making ourselves acquainted with Australia: our navigators have put a belt about it; but our travellers have not yet penetrated far inland; and we can only guess that the many noble rivers which belong to it run not wholly through deserts, but water rich alluvial plains and pastoral mountains. The reports of Commissioner Biggs, the writings of Wentworth, the very interesting volumes of Mr. P. Cunningham, the surveys of Oxley, and the

travels of Allan Cunningham the botanist, have made us intimate with the people and the country around the coast, and even far inland. But Capt. Sturt has done more than any one else—he has traversed fearlessly no less than 3222 English miles, exploring the courses of rivers, examining the hills, and woods, and vales, and laying all down in a map with the accuracy of a sworn surveyor. Oxley travelled 1600 miles, Allan Cunningham 2000, and other adventurers have their hundreds to talk about; but the travels of Sturt are by far the most extensive and important. We lament, however, that he performed them during the years of drought; everywhere he found the beasts of the field, and even the fowls of the air, retiring before the heat and the drying up of the streams; and we never remember to have read anything so touching, as when, burning with thirst, he rushed with his companions over an arid desert to a broad and noble river, and, lying down to drink, found its waters salt!

The introduction contains many interesting particulars regarding the progress of the colony; and bestows some well-merited praise upon the amiable and enterprising Mr. Arthurs, who introduced sheep-farming, and produced the first fine wool; but we hasten from the author's speculations upon the climate and the country, though ingenious and probable, to the actual discoveries which he made in the interior during his two journeys. In the month of September 1828, Captain Sturt received the Governor's commands to take proper assistants with him, and explore the country from the Valley of Wellington to the extensive marshes in which it may be remembered, Oxley lost the great river Macquarie. As the former survey was made during a wet season, it was hoped that a dry one would be more propitious; and accordingly our adventurers began their expedition, well armed, for fear of attacks from the natives, with provisions in their boats, and everything suitable for the undertaking.

The Macquarie continued to flow broad and deep, bearing the expedition along through many a wild wood and extensive plain. Wherever Sturt went he found hordes of savages: they seemed to have no fixed habitations, and no settled employment; their time was spent in providing for the wants of the day: they usually carried fishing-nets and spears; some of them had dogs,—and we are warranted in saying, from the experience of our adventurers, that they are neither so fierce of nature nor so void of talent, as has been hitherto represented. It is said, that in Ireland the peasantry used to set fire to their shealings, or cabins, rather than pay half-a-crown of hearth tax: they seem to be imitated in this by the natives of New Holland:—

"Continuing our journey on the following morning, we at first kept on the banks of the creek, and at about a quarter of a mile from where we had slept, came upon a numerous

tribe of natives. A young girl sitting by the fire was the first to observe us as we were slowly approaching her. She was so excessively alarmed, that she had not the power to run away; but threw herself on the ground and screamed violently. We now observed a number of huts, out of which the natives issued, little dreaming of the spectacle they were to behold. But the moment they saw us, they started back; their huts were in a moment in flames, and each with a firebrand ran to and fro with hideous yells, thrusting them into every bush they passed. I walked my horse quietly towards an old man who stood more forward than the rest, as if he intended to devote himself for the preservation of his tribe. I had intended speaking to him, but on a nearer approach I remarked that he trembled so violently that it was impossible to expect that I could obtain any information from him; and as I had not time for explanations, I left him to form his own conjectures as to what we were, and continued to move towards a thick brush, into which they did not venture to follow us."

In another attempt to get into conversation with the tribes of the desert our travellers are more successful:—

"As we were travelling through a forest we surprised a hunting party of natives. Mr. Hume and I were considerably in front of our party at the time, and he only had his gun with him. We had been moving along so quietly that we were not for some time observed by them. Three were seated on the ground, under a tree, and two others were busily employed on one of the lower branches cutting out honey. As soon as they saw us, four of them ran away; but the fifth, who wore a cap of emu feathers, stood for a moment looking at us, and then very deliberately dropped out of the tree to the ground. I then advanced towards him, but before I got round a bush that intervened, he had darted away. I was fearful that he was gone to collect his tribe, and, under this impression, rode quickly back for my gun to support Mr. Hume. On my arrival I found the native was before me. He stood about twenty paces from Mr. Hume, who was endeavouring to explain what he was; but seeing me approach he immediately poised his spear at him, as being the nearest. Mr. Hume then unslung his carbine, and presented it; but, as it was evident my re-appearance had startled the savage, I pulled up; and he immediately lowered his weapon. His coolness and courage surprised me, and increased my desire to communicate with him. He had evidently taken both man and horse for one animal, and as long as Mr. Hume kept his seat, the native remained upon his guard; but when he saw him dismount, after the first astonishment had subsided, he stuck his spear into the ground, and walked fearlessly up to him. We easily made him comprehend that we were in search of water; when he pointed to the west, as indicating that we should supply our wants there. He gave his information in a frank and manly way, without the least embarrassment, and when the party passed, he stepped back to avoid the animals, without the smallest confusion. I am sure he was a very brave man; and I left him with the most favourable impressions, and not without hope that he would follow us."

On reaching the marshes into which the Macquarie empties itself, in the narrative

of Oxley, Captain Sturt found where water had been, indeed, but he not only could not find the marshes, but he lost the Macquarie itself. The river, hitherto deep and broad, disappeared all at once in the dusty desert; and though the country was explored for upwards of twenty miles round, it did not re-appear, and the travellers went in search of other streams. The country is low, and covered with reeds and shells; Sturt inclines to the belief, that as the Macquarie has no tributary streams, it is swallowed up in seasons of drought by the burning deserts; and, that in moist seasons, it spreads its waters out into extensive marshes, and uniting into a stream again continues its course. From the lowlands, where they lost the stream, they proceeded in a north-westerly direction: they could find no water any where to allay their thirst; at last, when about to abandon themselves to despair, a noble river burst on their view—the result is well described:—

“The channel of the river was from seventy to eighty yards broad, and enclosed an unbroken sheet of water, evidently very deep, and literally covered with pelicans and other wild fowl. Our surprise and delight may better be imagined than described. Our difficulties seemed to be at an end, for here was a river that promised to reward all our exertions, and which appeared every moment to increase in importance to our imagination. Coming from the N.E., and flowing to the S.W., it had a capacity of channel that proved that we were as far from its source as from its termination. The paths of the natives on either side of it were like well trodden roads; and the trees that overhung it were of beautiful and gigantic growth.

“Its banks were too precipitous to allow of our watering the cattle, but the men eagerly descended to quench their thirst, which a powerful sun contributed to increase; nor shall I ever forget the cry of amazement that followed their doing so, or the looks of terror and disappointment with which they called out to inform me that the water was so salt as to be unfit to drink! This was, indeed, too true: on tasting it, I found it extremely nauseous, and strongly impregnated with salt, being apparently a mixture of sea and fresh water. Whence this arose, whether from local causes, or from a communication with some inland sea, I know not, but the discovery was certainly a blow for which I was not prepared.”

This new river they baptized the Darling: they followed its stream for awhile, and found what may be called a native village—almost the only thing of the kind discovered in the country:—

“On the 5th, the river led us to the southward and westward. Early in the day, we passed a group of seventy huts, capable of holding from twelve to fifteen men each. They appeared to be permanent habitations, and all of them fronted the same point of the compass. In searching amongst them we observed two beautifully made nets, of about ninety yards in length. The one had much larger meshes than the other, and was, most probably, intended to take kangaroos; but the other was evidently a fishing net.

“In one hut, the floor of which was swept with particular care, a number of white balls, as of pulverized shells or lime, had been deposited—the use of which we could not divine. A trench was formed round the hut to prevent the rain from running under it, and the whole was arranged with more than ordinary attention.”

These inland tribes seem superior in look and manners to the squalid wretches who infest the coast, and sometimes spread terror among the settlers:—

“The natives of the Darling are a clean-limbed, well-conditioned race, generally speaking. They seemingly occupy permanent huts, but their tribe did not bear any proportion to the size or number of their habitations. It was evident their population had been thinned. The customs of these distant tribes, as far as we could judge, were similar to those of the mountain blacks, and they are essentially the same people, although their language differs. They lacerate their bodies, but do not extract the front teeth. We saw but few cloaks among them, since the opossum does not inhabit the interior. Those that were noticed, were made of the red kangaroo skin. In appearance, these men are stouter in the bust than at the lower extremities; they have broad noses, sunken eyes, overhanging eyebrows, and thick lips. The men are much better looking than the women. Both go perfectly naked, if I except the former, who wear nets over the loins and across the forehead, and bones through the cartilages of the nose. Their chief food is fish, of which they have great supplies in the river; still they have their seasons for hunting their emus and kangaroos. The nets they use for this purpose, as well as for fishing, are of great length, and are made upon large frames. These people do not appear to have warlike habits, nor do they take any pride in their arms, which differ little from those used by the inland tribes, and are assimilated to them as far as the materials will allow. One powerful man, however, had a regular trident, for which Mr. Hume offered many things without success. He plainly intimated to us that he had a use for it, but whether against an enemy or to secure prey, we could not understand. I was most anxious to have ascertained if any religious ceremonies obtained among them, but the difficulty of making them comprehend our meaning was insurmountable; and to the same cause may be attributed the circumstance of my being unable to collect any satisfactory vocabulary of their language. They evinced a strange perversity, or obstinacy rather, in repeating words, although it was evident that they knew they were meant as questions. The pole we observed in the creek, on the evening previously to our making the Darling, was not the only one that fell under our notice; our impression, therefore, that they were fixed by the natives to propitiate some deity, was confirmed. It would appear that the white pigment was an indication of mourning. Whether these people have an idea of a superintending Providence I doubt, but they evidently dread evil agency. On the whole I should say they are a people, at present, at the very bottom of the scale of humanity.”

Our travellers fell in with the Darling again, many miles in advance to the south-west—its waters were deeper and not quite so salt as on their first acquaintance. After having advanced into the country 1272 miles, the expedition returned without loss of life, having discovered an almost navigable river, and ascertained that the Macquarie in a dry season, runs no farther than where Oxley in his map lays down the marshes. The land explored, was not rich nor inviting to the settler: but the interest which formerly belonged to the Macquarie, was now transferred to the Darling; and men marvelled whither so large a river could run, and a fresh expedition to its banks was talked of.

In September 1829, Capt. Sturt received a command from the Governor, to proceed to Camden, and trace the course of the river Morumbidgee, or such rivers as were connected with it: some hope was entertained that the Darling might be fallen in with, as it appeared to direct its course towards the latitudes in which his line of journey lay. The second

journey amounting in length to nearly two thousand miles, was most successfully performed. The Morumbidgee was followed in its westerly course till it joined a hitherto undiscovered river, sixty-seven yards wide at the mouth, which was named “The Murray,” in honour of Sir George Murray. Farther on, the united streams are increased by the salt waters of the Darling, and the three rivers under the name of the Murray, empty themselves into the salt lake of Alexandrina, and pass into the sea at Encounter Bay, near Cape Jervis. The exploring party were picked men: Mr. M’Leay, a volunteer, accompanied them, and the whole were guided by the counsel and example of Sturt, who seems to have shown all the courage, fortitude, forbearance, and hardihood of body necessary for success. The expedition moved forward in two boats; the lands through which they sailed, were often beautiful and sometimes rich; nor was their journey without dangers—they were often embarrassed by the sudden contractions and expansions of the river, and often menaced by the wild tribes, who, in parties of fifties and hundreds, roamed armed along its banks. The following passage shows some of the impediments which the Morumbidgee presented: it also introduces us to the River Murray:—

“We rose in the morning with feelings of apprehension, and uncertainty; and, indeed, with great doubts on our minds whether we were not thus early destined to witness the wreck and the defeat of the expedition. The men got slowly and cautiously into the boat, and placed themselves so as to leave no part undefended. Hopkinson stood at the bow, ready with poles to turn her head from anything upon which she might be drifting. Thus prepared, we allowed her to go with the stream. By extreme care and attention on the part of the men we passed this formidable barrier. Hopkinson in particular exerted himself, and more than once leapt from the boat upon apparently rotten logs of wood, that I should not have judged capable of bearing his weight, the more effectually to save the boat. It might have been imagined that where such a quantity of timber had accumulated, a clearer channel would have been found below, but such was not the case. In every reach we had to encounter fresh difficulties. In some places huge trees lay athwart the stream, under whose arched branches we were obliged to pass; but, generally speaking, they had been carried, roots foremost, by the current, and, therefore, presented so many points to receive us, that, at the rate at which we were going, had we struck full upon any one of them, it would have gone through and through the boat. About noon we stopped to repair, or rather to take down the remains of our awning, which had been torn away; and to breathe a moment from the state of apprehension and anxiety in which our minds had been kept during the morning. About one, we again started. The men looked anxiously out a-head; for the singular change in the river had impressed on them an idea, that we were approaching its termination, or near some adventure. On a sudden, the river took a general southern direction, but, in its tortuous course, swept round to every point of the compass with the greatest irregularity. We were carried at a fearful rate down its gloomy and contracted banks, and, in such a moment of excitement, had little time to pay attention to the country through which we were passing. It was, however, observed, that chalybeate-springs were numerous close to the water’s edge. At 3 p. m., Hopkinson called out that we were approaching a junction, and in less than a minute afterwards, we were hurried into a broad and noble river.

"It is impossible for me to describe the effect of so instantaneous a change of circumstances upon us. The boats were allowed to drift along at pleasure, and such was the force with which we had been shot out of the Morumbidgee, that we were carried nearly to the bank opposite its embouchure, whilst we continued to gaze in silent astonishment on the capacious channel we had entered; and when we looked for that by which we had been led into it, we could hardly believe that the insignificant gap that presented itself to us was, indeed, the termination of the beautiful and noble stream, whose course we had thus successfully followed. I can only compare the relief we experienced to that which the seaman feels on weathering the rock upon which he expected his vessel would have struck—to the calm which succeeds moments of feverish anxiety, when the dread of danger is succeeded by the certainty of escape."

That the natives saw not this invasion without alarm, is sufficiently manifest in the following very graphic description—a warlike tribe who happened to see the boats, rushed spear in hand into a shallow part of the stream to attack them—their escape was next to miraculous:—

"It was with considerable apprehension that I observed the river to be shoaling fast, more especially as a huge sand-bank, a little below us, and on the same side on which the natives had gathered, projected nearly a third-way across the channel. To this sand-bank they ran with tumultuous uproar, and covered it over in a dense mass. Some of the chiefs advanced to the water to be nearer their victims, and turned from time to time to direct their followers. With every pacific disposition, and an extreme reluctance to take away life, I foresaw that it would be impossible any longer to avoid an engagement, yet with such fearful numbers against us, I was doubtful of the result. The spectacle we had witnessed had been one of the most appalling kind, and sufficient to shake the firmness of most men; but at that trying moment my little band preserved their temper and coolness, and if anything could be gleaned from their countenances, it was that they had determined on an obstinate resistance. I now explained to them that their only chance of escape depended, or would depend, on their firmness. I desired that after the first volley had been fired, M'Leay and three of the men would attend to the defence of the boat with bayonets only, while I, Hopkinson, and Harris, would keep up the fire as being more used to it. I ordered, however, that no shot was to be fired until after I had discharged both my barrels. I then delivered their arms to the men, which had as yet been kept in the place appropriated for them, and at the same time some rounds of loose cartridge. The men assured me they would follow my instructions, and thus prepared, having already lowered the sail, we drifted onwards with the current. As we neared the sand-bank, I stood up and made signs to the natives to desist; but without success. I took up my gun, therefore, and cocking it, had already brought it down to a level. A few seconds more would have closed the life of the nearest of the savages; the distance was too trifling for me to doubt the fatal effects of the discharge; for I was determined to take deadly aim, in hopes that the fall of one man might save the lives of many. But at the very moment, when my hand was on the trigger, and my eye was along the barrel, my purpose was checked by M'Leay, who called to me that another party of blacks had made their appearance upon the left bank of the river. Turning round, I observed four men at the top of their speed. The foremost of them as soon as he got a-head of the boat, threw himself from a considerable height into the water. He strug-

gled across the channel to the sand-bank, and in an incredibly short space of time stood in front of the savage, against whom my aim had been directed. Seizing him by the throat, he pushed him backwards, and forcing all who were in the water upon the bank, he trod its margin with a vehemence and an agitation that were exceedingly striking. At one moment pointing to the boat, at another shaking his clenched hand in the faces of the most forward, and stamping with passion on the sand; his voice, that was at first distinct and clear, was lost in hoarse murmurs. Two of the four natives remained on the left bank of the river, but the third followed his leader (who proved to be the remarkable savage I have previously noticed) to the scene of action. The reader will imagine our feelings on this occasion: it is impossible to describe them. We were so wholly lost in interest at the scene that was passing, that the boat was allowed to drift at pleasure. For my own part I was overwhelmed with astonishment, and in truth stunned and confused; so singular, so unexpected, and so strikingly providential, had been our escape."

The valley through which the Murray runs, seems worthy of the consideration of the government:—

"The valley of the Murray, at its entrance, cannot be less than four miles in breadth. The river does not occupy the centre, but inclines to either side, according to its windings, and thus the flats are of greater or less extent, according to the distance of the river from the base of the hills. It is to be remarked, that the bottom of the valley is extremely level, and extensively covered with reeds. From the latter circumstance, one would be led to infer that these flats are subject to overflow, and no doubt can exist as to the fact of their being, at least partially, if not wholly, under water at times. A country in a state of nature is, however, so different from one in a state of cultivation, that it is hazardous to give an opinion as to its practical availability, if I may use such a term. I should, undoubtedly, say the marshes of the Macquarie were frequently covered with water, and that they were wholly unfit for any one purpose whatever. It is evident from the marks of the reeds upon the banks, that the flood covers them occasionally to the depth of three feet, and the reeds are so densely embodied and so close to the river side that the natives cannot walk along it. The reeds are the broad flag-reed (*arundo phragmites*), and grow on a stiff earthy loam, without any accompanying vegetation; indeed, they form so solid a mass that the sun cannot penetrate to the ground to nourish vegetation. On the other hand, the valley of the Murray, though covered with reeds in most places, is not so in all. There is no mark upon the reeds by which to judge as to the height of inundation, neither are they of the same kind as those which cover the marshes of the Macquarie. They are the species of round reed of which the South Sea islanders make their arrows, and stand sufficiently open, not only to allow of a passage through, but for the abundant growth of grass among them. Still, I have no doubt that parts of the valley are subject to flood; but, as I have already remarked, I do not know whether these parts are either deeply or frequently covered. Rain must fall simultaneously in the S.E. angle of the island in the inter-tropical regions, and at the heads of all the tributaries of the main stream, ere its effects can be felt in the lower parts of the Murray. If the valley of the Murray is not subject to flood, it has only recently gained a height above the influence of the river, and still retains all the character of flooded land. In either case however, it contains land that is of the very richest kind—soil that is the pure accumulation of vegetable matter, and is as black as ebony. If

its hundreds of thousands of acres were practically available, I should not hesitate to pronounce it one of the richest spots of equal extent on earth, and highly favoured in other respects. How far it is available remains to be proved; and an opinion upon either side would be hazardous, although that of its liability to flood would, most probably, be nearest to truth. It is, however, certain that any part of the valley would require much labour before it could be brought under cultivation, and that even its most available spots would require almost as much trouble to clear them as the forest tract, for nothing is more difficult to destroy than reeds. Breaking the sod would, naturally, raise the level of the ground, and lateral drains would, most probably, carry off all floods, but then the latter, at least, is the operation of an advanced stage of husbandry only. I would, however, observe that there are many parts of the valley decidedly above the reach of flood. I have, in the above observations, been more particularly alluding to the lowest and broadest portions of it. I trust I shall be understood as not wishing to overrate this discovery on the one hand, or on the other, to include its whole extent in one sweeping clause of condemnation."

We heartily recommend these volumes to public notice. They are full of interest: well and modestly written; carefully illustrated; and, on the whole, make us better acquainted with the interior of Australia and its native tribes, than any other work we have hitherto met with. We shall return to them again.

BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.

The Hand; its Mechanism and Vital Endowments, as evincing Design. By Sir Charles Bell. London: Pickering.

WHEN the mind of man has, in the immensity of astronomical speculation, struggled after the conception of orb beyond orb, and cycle beyond cycle, till its limited powers fail, and exhausted imagination reverts for a moment to our own world, our nation, ourselves,—into what insignificance do we not dwindle! It seems impossible that beings so mean and feeble could attract the notice of that mind whence originated the mighty revolutions we had been contemplating;—"the earth, with man upon it, does not seem much other than an ant-hill, where some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro, a little heap of dust." But when we consider how fearfully and wonderfully we are made—when we estimate the beauty and delicacy of our structure, the exact symmetry and relation of our parts, their ingenious and skilful adaptation to our wants, to the circumstances in which we are placed and the bodies by which we are surrounded, we become assured that we have not been overlooked in the creation;—indeed, so much of forethought and careful provision is apparent in the framing of our bodies, so much evident prospective design in the formation of every member, that we feel an ennobling confidence that they were written one by one in the book of nature, "when as yet there was none of them." Such a view reconciles us to our seeming insignificance—it shows us to ourselves in the true light, as God's master-piece of workmanship, as the first of all created beings; it shows that the world was made for us and we for the world, and ever as it discovers to us our true position and relation with external bodies, it enlarges and extends our admiration of that benevolent Creator who makes

"all things work together for good."—This is the line of argument which Sir Charles Bell maintains in the present treatise. His style is loose and unstudied to a fault. His sentences seem to have been thrown off at intervals, as leisure or inclination allowed, and the connexion between them is often remote. His arrangement, too, is the least artificial possible, and is disfigured by a sort of "needless Alexandrine," under the title of "Additional Illustrations," which come in after his argument is wound up and his conclusions made, and look as if they had been inserted at the suggestion of some conscientious friend, who thought that 212 very open printed pages were rather too few to be offered for one thousand guineas! If this was the idea, we coincide in its justice. For the rest, we have a number of interesting facts, and some ingenious illustrations, from amongst which we shall endeavour to make selections.

In his introductory chapter, Sir Charles, considering man as a machine, notices certain relations between his body and the entire globe which he inhabits; thus—

"Suppose that there is placed before us a machine for raising great weights, be it the simplest of all, the wheel and axle. We are given to understand that this piece of mechanism has the property of multiplying the power of the hand. But a youth of subtle mind may say, I do not believe that it is possible so to multiply the power of the hand; and if the mechanic be a philosopher, he will rather applaud the spirit of doubt. If he condescend to explain, he will say, that the piles driven into the ground, or the screws which unite the machinery to the beams, are the fixed points which resist in the working of the machine; that their resistance is a necessary condition, since it is thrown, together with the power of the hand, on the weight to be raised. And he will add that the multiplication of wheels does not alter the principle of action, which every one may see in the simple lever, to result from the resistance of the fulcrum or point, on which it rests.

"Now grant that man's body is a machine, where are the points of resistance? are they not in the ground he stands upon? This leads us to enquire by what property we stand. Is it by the weight of the body, or, in other words, is it by the attraction of the earth? The terms attraction, or gravitation, lead at once to the philosophy of the question. We stand because the body has weight, and a resistance, in proportion to the matter of the animal frame, and the magnitude of the globe itself. We wait not at present to observe the adjustment of the strength of the frame, the resistance of the bones, the elasticity of the joints and the power of the muscles to the weight of the whole. Our attention is directed to the relations which the frame has to the earth we are placed upon."

Gravity, then, is a primary relation which our bodies bear to the globe on which we move, and it has been calculated that our present frames would not be suited to a world differing much in density or size from the present; for if it were smaller than the earth, we should be too light, and should walk as men wading in deep water; but if larger, we should then be oppressed by our own weight; our limbs would feel as if loaded with lead; nay, the attraction might be so great as to destroy the fabric of the body, crushing bones and all.

"By such considerations we are led to contemplate the human body in its different relations. The magnitude of the earth determines the strength of our bones, and the power of our

muscles; so must the depth of the atmosphere determine the condition of our fluids, and the resistance of our blood vessels; the common act of breathing, the transpiration from the surfaces, must bear relation to the weight, moisture, and temperature of the medium which surrounds us. A moment's reflection on these facts proves to us that our body is formed with a just correspondence to all these external influences."

Having thus established the general relations, he turns to his more peculiar subject, the Hand, and commences with an examination of the bones of the anterior extremity in the four higher classes of animals,—the mammalia, birds, reptiles, and fishes. We almost regret Sir Charles did not extend his views into the invertebrata, amongst whom so many instances of adaptation and compensation even more beautiful than any he has adduced, might be found; but we admit the fairness of the excuse, the difficulty of continuing the application of the same names to parts so infinitely altered and varied in structure, functions, and position.

In this part of his work Sir Charles refers so frequently to the wood-cuts with which he has illustrated all his explanations, that we find some difficulty in following him. We shall therefore deviate a little, and set before our readers a slight sketch of the different gradations and adaptations through which he traces the anterior extremity. And first, then, in its best and noblest form, the human Hand. Observe how widely the arms are set apart at the top by the interposition of the clavicles, which, stretching from the breast-bone, throw back the shoulders. This ensures freedom of motion, which is further provided for by the joint being of the ball-and-socket kind—a smooth round head playing in a shallow cup. The motions of the arm here therefore are of the most unrestricted kind, though we can hardly agree with the opinion formerly stated by Sir Charles in another work, and now repeated in this treatise, that it is here we make the guards in fencing. Any person who takes a foil in his hand will see that while he holds the shoulder and shoulder-joint perfectly steady he makes his guards by the movements of pronation and supination of the fore-arm, or, as they are commonly called, the motions of the wrist;—if he did not do so, but attempted to move the whole arm at each guard, M. Jourdain would find no difficulty in killing him "par raison demonstrative." But these motions of the fore-arm are the next things to be observed. There are two bones in the fore-arm, and only one of these (the ulna) joins the shoulder-bone at the elbow, forming with it a hinge joint. The other (the radius) has a small, neat, round head, which is held against the side of the ulna by a ligament, just as a spindle is held in the bush. This bone turns on its axis, and as it turns, carries with it the hand, which is attached altogether to its lower extremity at the wrist, having no connexion with the ulna. This rolling is what is termed pronation and supination. Next, we observe, the great mass of muscles placed at the root of the thumb, which enables it alone to antagonize all the other fingers. Lastly, we notice the different lengths of the fingers:—

"This difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, adapting the hand and fingers, as in holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen, or pencil, engraving tool, &c., in all which, a secure hold and freedom

of motion are admirably combined. Nothing is more remarkable, as forming a part of the prospective design to prepare an instrument fitted for the various uses of the human hand, than the manner in which the delicate and moving apparatus of the palm and fingers is guarded. The power with which the hand grasps, as when a sailor lays hold to raise his body in the rigging, would be too great for the texture of mere tendons, nerves, and vessels; they would be crushed, were not every part that bears the pressure, defended with a cushion of fat, as elastic as that which we have described in the foot of the horse and the camel. To add to this purely passive defence, there is a muscle which runs across the palm and more especially supports the cushion on its inner edge. It is this muscle which, raising the edge of the palm, adapts it to lave water, forming the cup of Diogenes."

The first deviation from this standard, we notice, is in the quadrumana, where the strength of the muscles of the thumb is diminished, and it becomes incapable of opposing a sufficient resistance to the other fingers. In the carnivora, such as lion, tiger, the opposition is no longer even attempted; the five fingers or claws are placed side by side; but, as much freedom and power are still necessary, the motions of supination and pronation still continue, and vestiges of a clavicle or collar-bone are to be found. This clavicle is peculiarly strong in all the rooting animals, such as the mole, &c., and it is from the presence of a smooth spot for the attachment of a clavicle that occurs in the scapula of the megatherium, or great animal of Paraguay, whose bones are preserved in the Hunterian Museum, that we conclude it to have been one of those animals that scratched the earth for its food. The change is much greater in soliped animals, as the horse. The clavicle is here quite taken away; if left, it would be injurious, by conveying to the frame the shocks from the impetuous forward motion of the animal. But there is no bony connection between the body of a horse and his two front limbs; he is, as it were, suspended between them by two immensely powerful muscular girths, which, like the springs of a carriage, break every vibration, and prevent its being communicated. The motions of pronation and supination also no longer continue, for as the animal has no power of grasping anything with its hoof, these motions would be useless. The anterior extremity is here a mere organ of locomotion. The same is the case in the cow; yet what a wonderful difference is there here, and how admirably suited to the nature of each! The horse, formed for extensive plains, for dry, high lands, where it may weary itself in the chase, has the hard, firm, solid hoof, which is best adapted for such a life, but which, from its hollow form, acts almost like a cupping glass when it gets into a soft wet soil, and embarrasses and delays it at every step. The cow, on the contrary, which delights most in the low moist grassy meadows, has its foot cloven, so that when it treads on a soft place, the foot yields, spreads out, opposes a resistance to its sinking deeply, and on any attempt to retract it, evidently assists by again closing, and so narrowing itself. But now, if we turn to animals inhabiting another element, we see this extremity undergoing new transformations, yet always with the nicest adaptation to its new circumstances. Thus, in the seal, the arm is in a great measure concealed within the skin, the object being in all

animals, that are to live much in the water, that all projecting parts should be diminished as much as possible. The hand, however, continues very perfect, at least, in the number of fingers, but to suit it for swimming, the skin is not divided, but continued down whole, almost to the extremities. The rudiments of a hand are still fainter in the manatee, of which Cuvier says, "Vestiges of claws may be discovered on the edges of their fins, which they use with tolerable dexterity in creeping and carrying their little ones." If, beyond these, we extend our view to the dolphins and the other whale tribe, even this last semblance is gone, and we have nothing but the simple fin for moving through the water. Had we turned our attention another way, and contemplated this extremity as forming the wing of birds, we should have found no less to admire in the skill with which the bones were hollowed out, and filled with air to render them light—in the mode in which they were covered with long downy feathers, so close as to compress the air and render the animal buoyant—and finally, at the ingenious manner in which the muscles were arranged, so that one, which really raises the wing, is placed actually beneath it, and caused to work by its tendon round a pulley, in order that the centre of gravity might not be placed above, where it would endanger the bird's falling over. We might have pursued this extremity round, until, in the gradually diminishing pinion of the penguin, which scarce raises it above its watery bed, but is of abundant use to it in diving, we had again brought ourselves round almost to the fin;—but we feel, that in doing so we should be leaving our bounds rather too far.

After going through the comparative anatomy of the bones and muscles of the anterior extremity, Sir Charles Bell gives a chapter on the substitution of other organs for the hand. Some of these are singular:—

"The habits of some fishes require that they should cling firmly to the rocks or to whatever presents to them. Their locomotive powers are perfect; but how are they to become stationary in the tide or the stream? I have often thought it wonderful that the salmon or the trout, for example, should keep its place, night and day, in the rapid current. In the sea, there are some fishes especially provided with means of clinging to the rocks. The lump-fish, *cyclopterus lumpus*, fastens itself by an apparatus which is on the lower part of its body. The sucking fish, *remora*, has a similar provision on its back. It attaches itself to the surface of the shark and to whatever is afloat; and, of course, to the bottoms of ships. The ancients believed it capable of stopping a ship under sail, and Pliny, therefore, called it *remora*. We must admire the means by which these fishes retain their proper position in the water, without clinging by their fins or teeth, and while they are free for such efforts as enable them to seize their food. The apparatus by which they attach themselves resembles a boy's sucker: the organ being pressed against the surface to which the creature is to be fixed, the centre is drawn by muscles in the same manner that the sucker is drawn with the cord, and thus a vacuum is made.

"In the cuttle-fish we see a modification of this apparatus: the suckers are on the extremities of their processes, or arms, and become instruments of prehension and of locomotion. They are capable of turning in all directions, either to fix the animal or to drag it from place to place. In the Indian Seas, these creatures become truly terrific from the length of their arms, which ex-

tend to eight or nine fathoms, and from the firmness with which they cling.

"Dr. Shaw tells us, that on throwing a fish of the species *cyclopterus lumpus* into a pail of water, it fixed itself so firmly to the bottom, that by taking hold of the tail, he lifted up the pail, although it contained some gallons of water."

Sir Charles turns next to the vital qualities of the hand, and on these we think he has been very successful. He speaks of sensibility, and shows that it is the greatest in the skin and external parts, the evident use of which is, that it might serve there as a guard and warning to withdraw, when anything injurious approached us. The internal parts, such as the ligaments, tendons, &c. though not possessed of the same kind of sensibility, have another more suited to their situation and necessities. His arguments on this subject are curious and instructive:—

"The fuller the consideration which we give to this subject, the more convincing are the proofs that the painful sensibility of the skin is a benevolent provision, making us alive to those injuries, which, but for this quality of the nervous system, would bruise and destroy the internal and vital parts. In pursuing the inquiry, we learn with much interest that when the bones, joints, and all the membranes and ligaments which cover them, are exposed—they may be cut, pricked, or even burned, without the patient or the animal suffering the slightest pain. These facts must appear to be conclusive; for who, witnessing these instances of insensibility, would not conclude that the parts were devoid of sensation. But when we take the true philosophical, and I may say the religious, view of the subject, and consider that pain is not an evil, but given for benevolent purposes and for some important object, we should be unwilling to terminate the investigation here.

"In the first place, we must perceive that if a sensibility similar to that of the skin had been given to these internal parts, it must have remained unexercised. Had they been made sensible to pricking and burning, they would have possessed a quality which would never have been useful, since no such injuries can reach them; or never without warning being received through the sensibility of the skin.

"But, further, if we find that sensibility to pain is a benevolent provision, and is bestowed for the purpose of warning us to avoid such violence as would affect the functions or uses of the parts, we may yet inquire whether any injury can reach these internal parts without the sensibility of the skin being excited. Now, of this there can be no doubt, for they are subject to sprain, and rupture, and shocks, without the skin being implicated in the accident. If we have been correct in our inference, there should be a provision to guide us in the safe exercise of the limbs; and notwithstanding what has been apparently demonstrated of the insensibility of these internal parts, they must possess an appropriate sensibility, or it would imply an imperfection.

"With these reflections, we recur to experiment—and we find that the parts, which are insensible to pricking, cutting, and burning, are actually sensible to concussion, to stretching, or laceration.

"How consistent, then, and beautiful is the distribution of this quality of life! The sensibility to pain varies with the function of the part. The skin is endowed with sensibility to every possible injurious impression which may be made upon it. But had this kind and degree of sensibility been made universal, we should have been racked with pain in the common motions of the body: the mere weight of one part on another, or the motion of the joint, would have been attended with that degree of

suffering which we experience in using or walking with an inflamed limb.

"But on the other hand, had the deeper parts possessed no sensibility, we should have had no guide in our exertions. They have a sensibility limited to the kind of injury which it is possible may reach them, and which teaches us what we can do with impunity. If we leap from too great a height, or carry too great a burthen, or attempt to interrupt a body whose impetus is too great for us, we are warned of the danger as effectually by this internal sensibility, as we are of the approach of a sharp point or a hot iron to the skin."

This is good feeling, good taste, and good philosophy. There is much of the same through the whole treatise, which could only have emanated from an amiable and ingenious mind.

Le Livre des Cent-et-Un. Vol. XI. Paris: Ladvocat; London, Treuttel & Co.

If the present volume does not maintain the high character of some of its predecessors, it contains within itself very convincing evidence of the success of the work of which it forms a part. We have here the publisher's statement of the reasons which have induced him to extend the limit of ten volumes, to which he had originally confined himself, to fifteen,—and which reasons he asserts to be made up of the number of excellent papers in his possession, and still unused, which have been furnished for the undertaking by the generous sympathy of his literary patrons and friends,—and of the fact that the list of his subscribers having nearly doubled since the publication of the fifth volume, in which he first announced the probability of this enlargement of his plan, gives him reason to conclude that the public are not averse to the deviation. Further, we have the announcement of a new work from the same publisher of a similar class with the present, which he advertises by the title of '*Les Cent-et-Un nouvelles nouvelles des Cent-et-Un, ornées de Cent-et-Un vignettes, dessinées et gravées par Cent-et-Un artistes*;' and to which the same writers will contribute, with their wings less fettered by the necessity for an uniformity of plan, and their imaginations unrestrained by a desire for something like portraiture, than in the work before us.

The present volume has, at any rate, great names amongst its contributors. The ex-queen Hortense (whom some of our readers will more readily recognize as the Duchesse de Saint-Leu), has given a song, to which music is added,—we presume also by herself. M. de Peyronnet has again furnished a paper, introducing his readers to the '*Levee of a Minister*;'—and a higher name than either, that of the Comte de Segur, is attached to an article containing a chapter from his forthcoming *History of Charles VIII.*—as is that of M. Eugène Labaume to an extract from his unpublished *History of the French Revolution*,—of both which papers it may be observed, that they are much more likely to prove good advertisements for their authors than contributions of much interest to the purchasers of the '*Livre des Cent-et-Un*.'

We select the following, by M. Léon Halevy, for the amusement of our readers. It seems to us well timed: there are Lady Patronesses in England as well as France.

A Lady Patroness.

A brilliant society was assembled in the drawing-room of the banker, Montfort, one of the fortunate millionaires of the Chaussée-d'Antin. Seven had struck; and a servant in gorgeous livery had uttered those words so sweet to the ear of the impatient gastronome, "Dinner is on the table."

I shall not describe the dining-room of a millionaire,—that sanctuary within which are laboured out so many conceptions and projects, so many revolutions, financial and political. Neither will I describe the royal magnificence of a feast which might have shamed those of Lucullus. Let it suffice to state, that Montfort, on that day, did the honours of his table to a foreign diplomatist, whose protection he sought for the conclusion of a loan;—to the secretary-general of a ministerial department, whose position enabled him to facilitate the adjudication of a great enterprise;—and to three provincial deputies, whose vote might have the effect of enriching France with a canal, which should pour abundance and fertility into the coffers of the insatiable contractor. And this short enumeration of the principal guests is equivalent to the bill of fare.

Madame Octavie de Montfort, blazing with diamonds, and brilliant in youth and beauty, presided, with grace and liveliness. Amiable and smiling, she replied with equal address to the flatteries of the secretary-general and the madrigals of the foreign diplomatist. Every one was in the happiest vein. Sallies of fancy flew about with champagne corks; the deputies of the centre were noisy as during one of M. Mauguin's speeches; and the banker himself was almost a wit.

All things had been discussed, and all subjects exhausted, from the Abbé Châtel to Made-moiselle Boury (in addition to those of the loan, the contract, and the canal) when the conversation fell on the subject of benevolence, connected with a charitable ball—a fancy-ball which was to collect together the flower of Parisian society. Madame Octavie de Montfort was one of the Lady Patronesses of this great ball, which was to take place within a fortnight. Many sayings were uttered, wise and foolish, on the subject of charity, of the poor, of dancing philanthropy, and benevolence in *entrechats*—that great invention of modern times. The tear stood in Montfort's eye as he spoke of the families of the destitute, who had no prop and no provision but the sensibility of the rich. As for Octavie, she was sublime. "Of what value was opulence but to soothe the distress!" Between the second course and the dessert, she had got rid of forty tickets. "She only wished she could dispose of two hundred;—not from vanity, thank heaven! but from pity for the unfortunate orphans whom she loved to call her children, her family."

"Dear Octavie!" said the banker, "it is so rich a pleasure to her to succour the wretched. It is her only joy!"

"Ah! you flatter me," quoth Octavie, "I do it for your pleasure;—for you are happy only when you are doing good!"

At this moment a servant entered, and announced to Montfort that some one wished to speak to him.

"At this hour!" said the banker, angrily, "You know well, John, that I see no one while I am engaged at table."

The servant drew nearer to his master, and whispered, "It is M. Didier."

At that name Montfort rose, begged his guests to excuse him, and passed into his study.

A little man, dressed in black, there awaited the banker. Beneath his arm he carried a huge bundle of papers.

"Excuse me if I disturb you," said M. Di-

dier, "but I can only come at this hour or early in the morning, which would disturb you still more; and as you will not admit of any intermediary in the little matter which you have entrusted to me—"

"To the point, to the point, M. Didier!"

"Would you believe, M. Montfort, that I left my office this morning at seven o'clock, and that I have not yet dined?—I have made fifteen seizures to-day."

"To the point, I beg of you. I am engaged. Have you, at length, brought me some money? Shall I obtain my rights from these insolvent debtors?"

"I fear not, Monsieur, at least unless you proceed to extremities—the sale of their goods, or capture of their bodies. But your sensibility—"

"You know very well, Sir, that there is no such thing in matters of business. Besides, I have not had recourse to your agency but because I had to deal with dishonest persons, who are able to pay."

"They say not."

"So you have got nothing?—Nothing from Madame Rémy, the mercer, who has owed me four hundred francs for this year past?"

"Nothing."

"What is the state of the affair?"

"We have got judgment and execution; the sale is for Wednesday—but I wished to see you before issuing bills."

"The sale must proceed."

"She asks three months forbearance. She is wholly without resource, and will be compelled to abandon her business. Her husband, who held a small situation in the bank, is dead of cholera; and she is left destitute, with three young children."

"Oh! she says her husband is dead of cholera? I can ascertain that, through my wife, who is a member of the committee of orphans. In the meantime issue the bills at any rate."

"Very well, Sir."

"And that young man, Fourbreuse,—he who reads memoirs to the Academy of Sciences,—has he yet untied his purse-strings?"

"Alas! Sir, the purse must be but poorly furnished, if I may judge by his goods."

"Nevertheless, he must pay the thousand francs."

"A thousand francs! my good Sir, the debt is now thirteen hundred and eighty francs, including interest and costs. The poor young man will never be able to pay."

"He must, however. I don't understand being trifled with thus. Besides, M. Fourbreuse has a place."

"He had one;—a situation of fifteen hundred francs, in one of the colleges of Paris—"

"What! he has it no longer?"

"You ordered me to attach his salary,—and he has consequently been deprived of his office."

"So I have no longer any security!" cried the banker. "M. Didier, you will proceed in this matter with the utmost rigour. I know that Fourbreuse has resources;—he has talents."

"Unproductive talents."

"I cannot help that. They who have unproductive talents should not incur debts. M. Didier, you will proceed."

"Everything has been done; there remains nothing but the seizure."

"That you will make, then."

"To frighten him?"

"No!—to sell."

"His furniture is not worth more than a couple of hundred francs."

"M. Didier, I have duties to fulfil. In this matter I act not for myself alone. Fourbreuse is indebted to the heirs of my father-in-law. If it affected no other than my wife I would wait—you know me sufficiently to be convinced of that. But this debt interests, equally, my bro-

ther-in-law, the Comte de Blergy, and my sister-in-law, the wife of General Maugrand. You will proceed."

"As you desire, Monsieur."

"You know well, M. Didier," added the banker, as he let out the officer, "that I am not a merciless man. I have waited long for these debts;—but there is an end to all things. Besides, I tell you in confidence, that I have promised the little sums whose collection I have entrusted to you, to my wife, who wishes to contribute them to the benevolent institution of our *arrondissement*, for she is a lady of charity. Good day, M. Didier."

At this moment, the noise of the dance reached them, and the melodious orchestra of Tolbeque flung its joyous harmonies into the banker's study. Montfort hastily regained his rich saloons.

It was a delicious fête—an intoxicating rout—a true millionaire's ball. The leaders of finance, the lords of diplomacy, all the world of fashion, were met together in this brilliant assemblage. A thousand lustres shed their dazzling light on women sparkling with the ornaments of dress and of loveliness. The crowded masses of the happy and the powerful moved, to the sound of harmonious music, through chambers embellished with all the appliances of luxury and all the wonders of art. At two o'clock a magnificent repast varied the pleasure of the night, and astonished, by its tasteful magnificence, guests accustomed to the prodigious splendour of ministerial tables. The day had dimmed the brilliancy of the lamps, while yet the dance continued,—while a magic and reducing galopade swept in its whirling course that gilded and smiling crowd, and offered to the charmed eyes a moving circle of women, of diamonds and of flowers.

I forgot to mention that at the close of the supper Madame Octavie de Montfort had already disposed of her two hundred tickets for the charitable ball.

Let us leave this scene of happiness and of pleasure, and transport ourselves to the fourth story of a dismal abode in the Rue Guénégaud. After a night of watching and labour, a young man, seated before a small deal table, covered with papers, books, and mathematical instruments, near a fire-place, in which a few miserable embers yet glowed,—had yielded to fatigue, and fallen asleep with his head drooped upon his breast. An almost expiring lamp cast a dim light upon the pallid and melancholy face of the student. An open door presented to view within another chamber, a wretched bed, on which lay an elderly lady, whose thin and wrung features spoke of sickness and pain. The poverty of the humble dwelling was slightly disguised by its exceeding cleanliness. A few old articles of furniture, the broken relics of former independence, saddened the eye by their ruined elegance. A dog, extended at its master's feet, had just awakened with the first ray of the sun, and looked up at the sleeping youth with an earnest and protecting look. Suddenly the door-bell rang; the dog sprang hastily up, and uttered a low bark, which he at once stifled, as he looked towards the bed of the old woman. "Silence, Fox," said the young man, waking up, and rubbing his eyes. "Surely there was a ring at my door;—who comes so early?" and he proceeded to open it.

It was M. Didier,—the man in black, with the bundle of papers, and the gentle manner and mien. But M. Didier, this time, was not alone. He was accompanied by two other men, in one of whom, Fourbreuse recognized the porter of a neighbouring house.

"I beg pardon, Sir," said Didier, bowing,— "you do not recognise me, though I have already had the honour of speaking with you several times. I come for payment of the thousand

frances (exclusive of costs,) which you owe to the Blergy estate."

Fourbreuse started.

"And unless I am paid this morning, I shall be under the painful necessity, according to my orders from M. Montfort, to proceed to execution."

Fourbreuse felt his heart cease to beat. He thought of his old mother, who lay sick before him, and now slept quietly on the bed which they were about to sell. His step staggered, and the cold sweat stood on his brow.

Before proceeding, and during the time that Didier makes his inventory, let us explain the origin of this debt, and inform our readers how the poor youth became indebted to the heirs of the Comte de Blergy, for a thousand francs.

In the Comte de Blergy, the father of Madlle. Octavie, scientific acquisitions of the first order enhanced the lustre of titles and wealth. In few words, he was one of the distinguished men of his day, the most, and the most deservedly honoured.

An important work published by Fourbreuse, and some remarkable memoirs read by him to the Academy of Sciences, had attracted towards this youth the attention of the distinguished old man, and an acquaintance, sought by the Comte, had arisen between them.

In a short time, an actual benefit conferred, brought, if possible, increased claims upon the gratitude of Fourbreuse. An office became vacant in one of the colleges of Paris; and the Comte de Blergy procured it for his *protégé*. The income was small, but the appointment honourable; and it yielded enough, with the produce of some private tuition, to put Fourbreuse in a position to provide for his aged mother a quiet subsistence, and to continue in peace the profound labours to which he had dedicated his future life.

Arrived at the accomplishment of his wishes, Fourbreuse had now scarcely anything to desire, when an unfortunate circumstance arose to trouble the calm of his life, and surrender him a prey to the deepest anxiety. Security, imprudently given, for an unworthy friend, who deceived him, placed him in the most harassing position, and threatened even his personal liberty.

At this painful moment, a letter was brought to him. He recognized the hand-writing of the Comte de Blergy, as he broke the seal; but who shall express the feelings with which he found, within the envelope, a cheque for 1000 francs accompanied by the following lines!—

"A common friend has informed me of the difficulty, in which your too confiding generosity has involved you. Your repose must not be broken, nor the labours, which are of equal importance to your own renown, and to the interests of science, interrupted, for a miserable sum like this. Accept the inclosed. It is the amount which you require. I am too happy to have the opportunity of serving you. Consider it but as a loan:—you shall repay it when you are able. Take it, if you wish that I should pardon your not having confided your difficulty to me."

Who shall tell that which passed in the soul of Fourbreuse, as he read this note? Filled with the warmest gratitude, but resolved upon refusing the obligation, he hastened to the hotel of the Comte. He thanked him with tears, while he urged him to receive back the generous subsidy; but the Comte pressed him with such earnest friendship, and contrived so well to overcome the delicate scruples of the young man, that Fourbreuse yielded at length to his entreaties, stipulating only that he should sign a receipt for the sum, and an engagement to repay it in a year.

"With all my heart," said the noble old man, with a smile.

The year passed. Fourbreuse had reckoned

for the discharge of his obligation, upon the sale of a treatise on Geometry; but circumstances appeared unfavourable to the publisher, who was to purchase it. On the day when his engagement fell due, Fourbreuse presented himself timidly, with his apologies, before the Comte de Blergy.

"What!" said the old man, "thinking still of that trifle? M. Fourbreuse, if you speak of it again to me, it must be a quarrel between us."

Three more years passed, during which Fourbreuse, more favoured of fame than of fortune, gained daily more and more the esteem of the learned, and above all, of the Comte de Blergy, who ceased not to honour him with his confidence and friendship. But the poor young man could not pay the money, and dared not again speak of the debt to his benefactor.

At the end of these three years, the Comte died suddenly, leaving an immense fortune to his son and his two daughters, the eldest of whom had recently married the banker, Montfort, and the youngest, the General Maugrand. Unhappily, amongst the millions that he left to his heirs, was found the obligation for 1000 francs, signed by the poor mathematician. ***

We left M. Didier making his inventory in the little chamber of Fourbreuse. The unfortunate student, standing in the recess of his window, looked on with folded arms; an unnatural calm, a sort of convulsive resignation had stolen over him; and on his impassive face, no sign betrayed the tempest of his thoughts, yet bitter were his reflections. "Ah," exclaimed he, mentally, "you who feel tempted to accept of succour from a generous hand, beware, lest your benefactor have sons or daughters, or sons-in-law, to inherit his fortune, and come after his death to draw you into a reckoning for the benefit. If you have a name that you thought to honour amongst men, by the labours of usefulness, they will record that name in a process! They will have it called over by a huissier's clerk! They will make it the property of a scribe, who shall speculate upon the number of its letters! They will post up your poverty in the market-place! They will print in the journals, and on your gate, the description of your miserable moveables! They will sell them in the public square; and, in the evening go to a ball, where they will institute a raffle, for the benefit of the poor!"

Still, there was a consolation that mingled with the bitter thoughts of Fourbreuse; a something whispered to him, that if there were a name tarnished in the affair, it was, haply, not his, but that of the millionaire banker, those of the vain and titled men, the idle and gilded women, who had taken from him his poor table, his chair, and his bed; from him, the child of indigence and toil, although he had been the friend of their father, and because a few piles more of crowns were wanting to swell an heritage of millions.

Didier and his clerk had now completed their inventory of the young student's room, and a small kitchen adjoining, and the officer was about to enter into the old lady's chamber, when Fourbreuse sprang forward and seized his arm.

"Sir," said he calmly, "I entreat you not to go in there; my mother is ill, and just now she sleeps."

The huissier paused upon the threshold of the chamber, round which he cast his searching looks, and in a low voice dictated his inventory, while Fox looked at him with a flashing eye, ready to dart upon him, if he should invade the apartment of the invalid.

The old lady had, however, awaked, and from the foot of her bed, which was surrounded by old chintz curtains, she heard the whispering. "My poor Frederic," muttered she to herself, "already at his work and reading over his la-

bours!" But too soon she recognized, that it was not the voice of her son, and caught the words, "An old mahogany chest of drawers, with marble head; a pendule, in sculptured brass; two old arm-chairs covered with silk—"

A cry burst from the lips of the invalid—for she guessed the truth. Fourbreuse sprang towards her, and strove to soothe her, while Didier finished his inventory.

Two days after, Fourbreuse, accompanied by his dog, followed a hearse, which took the road to the Cemetery of Mont-Parnasse.

It was a great night for the poor, the night of the 1st of March, 1833! In one of the most splendid hôtels of the quarter of the modern Athens, the sumptuous apartments had been decorated with magnificence, for the great philanthropic ball, of which we have already spoken, and which had Madame Octavie de Montfort for one of its lady patronesses. A long string of carriages brought, to this enchanted spot, all that Paris contained of brilliant women and men *comme il faut*. The aristocracy of birth, joined hands with the aristocracy of wealth, in this truly fraternal assemblage, where the sentiments of benevolence and philanthropy expanded all hearts. The richness and variety of the costumes, the profusion of flowers, of lamps, and of gold, gave to the fête the aspect of a fairy scene. All nations and all epochs were there mingled and confounded. Marchionesses of the 18th century, duchesses of the 15th, abbés, mousquetaires, pilgrims, puchas, chevaliers, Swiss peasants, French guardsmen, boatmen, and chieftains, were crowded together, and wavered to and fro, amid torrents of light and music. It was a sight to make one adore philanthropy and charity, and give thanks to Heaven that there were such people as the poor.

Madame Octavie de Montfort, by her beauty, her diamonds, and the splendour of her oriental costume, would have attracted all eyes, even if the rose-coloured knot, the distinctive sign of her functions, as lady patroness, had not fixed attention upon her. She was the queen of this fête, where also shone her husband, in the guise of a troubadour; her brother, M. de Blergy, in the rich costume of a courtier of Henry the Second's time; and her sister, the Baroness Maugrand, habited as a Chinese, and leaning on the arm of a mandarin, General Maugrand. These two dresses, which had been expressly procured from China, and were of incredible magnificence, had cost 20,000 francs. But can one make too great sacrifices, when a fête for the benefit of the poor is in question?

All at once, a movement was observed at one of the doors of the saloon, and a mask entered, round whom the crowd gathered, attracted by the singularity of his costume. It was a man clothed in the garb of a beggar, carrying a wallet, and on whose garments were pasted innumerable papers of legal process. His breast, his back, his arms, his legs, were covered with them; Monsieur and Madame de Montfort were amongst the first to approach this mysterious personage, and read what follows, on a large sheet of stamped paper, which covered his breast.

The author has here given exact copies of the different instruments of legal process, on the part of the heirs of the Comte de Blergy, all whose names and descriptions are set out at full length, against the poor student, including the inventory, and ending with the advertisement of sale—which are described as covering the different parts of the body of the mask, but which our readers would not thank us to translate for them;—and the whole ends as follows:—

And on his hat, which was surrounded with a black crape, was a written paper, with these words in large characters—

"The charity of the men of the world."

The Poetical Works of Thomas Parnell.
London: Pickering.

PARNELL is a pretty poet; but the Rev. John Mitford overrated his merits when he gave him seventy pages of regular Memoir, eight of Appendix, and took the trouble of pre-facing the whole with a poem, some eight or nine hundred lines long. It is true there are some clever passages in the first—some touches which lend light to the Life in the second—and as much nature and feeling in the third, as induced us to read some of it twice; but then, in a work like the *Aldine Poets*, the Lives should be measured as nearly as possible by the merits of the bards: it cannot be received as a reason for a disproportionate memoir, that the writer dwells in the house where the poet dwelt—feels, or thinks he feels, some of his inspiration—and has, moreover, discovered many curious matters concerning his manners and modes of study. Johnson was nearer the mark when he compressed all that Goldsmith had written, or he himself had collected about Parnell, into the compass of four or five pages.

There is something very touching in the lines addressed to the Rev. Alexander Dyce—there are many equal to the following:

Friend of my heart! to you I pour the strain
That wakes the Poet's widow'd griefs again;
Here in this breast his mirror'd sorrows see,
Each fond complaint again revives in me.
My heart reflects the melancholy line,
And more than half of Parnell's grief is mine.
With twinkling light behold, at midnight hour,
The lamp is burning in the poet's tower;
Pale o'er the page his studious brow is bent,
His eye still scans the sage's dark intent,
Dreaming with Plato—was it but a dream?
Or him who, wandering by Cephissus' stream,
Gave to the listening vales the deep Socratic theme.

Say what sweet voice the wearied heart shall cheer,
Win the glad smile, or wake affection's tear;
What form shall glide within the half-clos'd door,
What small light footstep press the silent floor:
What ivory arm around his neck shall twine,
And say, or seem to say—this hour is mine!
What voice shall cry—away, my love, away!
The nightingale is now on every spray,
Come, hear the enchanter's song, and welcome in the
May!

Ah! say why here do art and nature pour
Their charms conjoin'd in many a varied store;
Why bloom, by Flora's hand adorn'd, my bowers,
Why dance my fountains, and why laugh my flowers?
Along each velvet lawn and opening glade,
Why spreads the cedar his immortal shade?
The brooks that warble, and the hills that shine,
Charm every heart, and please each eye but mine.

Essai Historique et Politique sur la Révolution Belge.—(Historical and Political Essay on the Belgian Revolution.) Par. M. Nothomb, Membre de la Chambre des Représentans de Belgique, &c. &c. &c. London: Bossange, Barthès, & Lowell.

It has been generally supposed that the Belgian revolution of September 1830, was a mere consequence of that which occurred in France two months preceding. This opinion, M. Nothomb holds to be erroneous. The seeds of the Belgian revolution, he is of opinion, were sown by the short-sighted statesmen of 1814. The source of the constant difficulties against which William of Nassau had to contend during fifteen years, and which ultimately severed Belgium from his dominions, lay, he states, in the very constitution of the kingdom of the Netherlands, which was nothing more than the old

Dutch republic, converted into a monarchy with an increase of territory. No two people, he justly observes, could be more dissimilar, more opposed to each other in habits and feelings, or consequently less likely to unite in that "intimate and complete fusion," recommended by the treaty of London, than the Dutch and the Belgians. It therefore followed as a natural consequence, that no unity of national feelings would result from this political union of the two nations; for each was opposed to the other in customs, interests, and religion. Thus, to form one kingdom, either the Dutch must have merged in the Belgians, or the Belgians in the Dutch. But the Dutch, as a free people, had, for two centuries, been accustomed to consider the political condition of the Belgians as inferior to their own. From the effect of the treaty of Munster, in 1648, Holland became mistress of the Rhine, the Scheldt, and the Meuse; and by a persevering and active course of usurpation, she had oppressed and shackled the commerce of Belgium, and cramped the natural energies of the country.

After William of Nassau had converted the Stadtholder's chair into a throne, and the promised "increase of territory" had been given, there was no "fusion" between the nations, but Holland became at once supreme mistress: she imposed upon Belgium her constitution and government—it was attempted to make the Dutch language the national language, and laws and manners were introduced, which clashed with the prejudices, the feelings, and the religion of the Belgians. Even the working of the representative system, did not free them from the supremacy of Holland. Although the population of Belgium was double that of the Dutch provinces, the number of its representatives was no greater; and by the treachery of some of these, who sold themselves to the Dutch government, there was always a majority in the legislature against the interests of Belgium. The effect of this, he says, was, that an undue proportion of the charges of the state was borne by the latter; almost all the civil and judicial appointments of the government were bestowed upon Dutchmen; whilst in the army, with the exception of the regiments sent to perish in the pestilential climate of Java, the officers were in the proportion of 2281 Dutchmen to 393 Belgians. Moreover, the commercial interests of Belgium were completely sacrificed to those of Holland; its civil and criminal laws were reduced to the Dutch standard; the system of taxation pursued, favoured the Dutch at the expense of the Belgians; and a tendency hostile to the religion professed by the latter, was impressed upon the laws and the government, whose form was, unfortunately, nothing different from what had existed under the Stadtholders—a limited power without responsibility.

The elements of revolution thus lay in the very constitution of the kingdom: a people subjected to the rule of another people; hostile feelings, and passions, and interests forcibly united and held together; a nation oppressed, and a nation oppressing, brought into unnatural conjunction, and compelled to form one and the same community. In a word, from 1815 to 1830, the laws of conquest, weighed upon the Belgian people; who, during this interval, writhed under

what they felt was a foreign yoke, opposed to their interests, and which is oftentimes more dangerous, thwarted their national and religious prejudices.

M. Nothomb is of opinion, that the King, so far from endeavouring to alleviate these evils, recklessly widened the breach between the Dutch and the Belgians, by pursuing plans tending, as he conceived, to his own personal interest. He would, it is admitted, have had, under any circumstances, a difficult game to play—a revolution there must ultimately have been; the union of such heterogeneous elements must have ended in an explosion, and the King had only the choice between Holland, his native country, and Belgium, which he had received as an increase of territory. He possessed only the alternative of making the revolution break out either at the Hague or at Brussels—to prevent it was out of his power.

Though the acts of his government could have no influence upon the causes which must ultimately have dissolved the kingdom of the Netherlands; still, they hastened the separation. In opposition, no doubt, to the intentions of the high contracting parties of 1814, or, at least, to some of them, he centered all the power of his government in himself. His message to the chambers on the 11th of December 1829, seems to have been gall and wormwood. With what complacency, says M. Nothomb, did he, whose royalty, is younger than the present century, say—*'We have never been desirous of exercising the rights of our house in an unlimited manner, but have restrained them of our own free will.'*

The King, it is asserted, constantly delayed the permanent establishment of the courts of justice for the sole purpose of keeping the Judges subservient to his will. He is further accused of throwing a veil of impenetrable mystery over the financial transactions of his government, and of employing the public treasure for his own private purposes. He combined, it is said, the character of the merchant with that of the monarch, and had a stake in almost every commercial establishment of magnitude in the dominions, taking especial care to secure the lion's share of the profits; this led to monopolies, and by no means tended to lighten the burthens or appease the discontents of his Belgian subjects.

From these facts, it is assumed, that a dissolution of the kingdom of the Netherlands was inevitable; but, it is admitted, that it was hastened by the expulsion of the Bourbons from France. The principles upon which that family were restored, in 1814 and 1815, to the throne of Henry IV., were decidedly opposed to such a revolution as that of Belgium; and, had it broken out prematurely, it would, no doubt, have been put down by a French army. The fear of this, alone deferred the explosion.

M. Nothomb is evidently a man of talent, and his book contains much important information. If, in some of his speculations, he betrays a political bias, it is of the less consequence, as his facts are stated with truth and impartiality; and his inductions from them are never distorted by prejudice. We have derived both amusement and instruction from the perusal of his work, which we consider a valuable addition to contemporaneous history.

Voyage dans la Régence d'Alger (Travels in the Regency of Algiers.) Par M. Rozet.

[Second Notice.]

It needs no prophet to foresee that discussions are likely to arise in this country about the French retaining possession of Algiers. If the question be raised for party purposes, it may serve as well as any other—but in itself, and in all its consequences, it is ridiculously unimportant, and equally so to this country and to France. It is true, that the conquest, like every other conquest, was, in the first instance, made the most of by an unpopular ministry, and that the French people, like every other people, were willing enough to persuade themselves and others that it was a grand military affair; and nothing was talked of, in Paris or out of it, but the vast results that were to be consequent on it; unfortunately, *three days* were occupied with really important business, and Algiers was forgotten. At present, and for want of some better subject to entertain the Parisians, the French ministry are inclined to revive the subject, and upon this hint our opposition will no doubt speak. But what are the facts?—the French, as we stated before, to this hour hardly dare venture ten miles beyond the walls of the city; and if in half a century they shall have succeeded in taming the savage hordes of the interior, it will be just so much the better for humanity—which, translated into plain commercial English, means, that a market would be thereby opened for our manufactures, by creating the wants of civilization among half savage nations.

The territory of Algiers is not exactly the paradise or the granary it is described to be by some of the French journals. To the north of Mount Atlas, which traverses the whole kingdom from west to east, the soil and aspect are in general fertile and pleasant; while on the south of that vast chain little else is to be seen than naked rocks, or plains scorched by the sun, and cursed with incurable sterility. Even on the fertile side of the mountains the lakes are few and the rivers small. Vast steppes, destitute of trees, and bearing but scanty marks of vegetation, present themselves at frequent intervals to the eye of the traveller, which is but seldom refreshed by the effects of human industry or cultivation. Formerly, indeed, when the Mohammedan states of Africa were in that flourishing condition which marks the youth of kingdoms and institutions, the aspect of these countries was extremely different; but even so early as the time of the celebrated traveller Leo Africanus, tyranny had begun to work its usual effects; and he describes the cities as deserted, and the fields uncultivated or infested with robbers. From that period to the present, demoralization and ignorance have gone on increasing, and the condition of the country deteriorating in proportion.

The climate, however, is good, and the natural capabilities of the soil immense. One bushel of grain generally yields from eight to twelve; in some districts the increase is even greater, and formerly the English merchants alone annually shipped off from the port of Oran seven or eight thousand tons of wheat and barley. To the French, we have acknowledged, all maritime nations are indebted for having destroyed a nest of

pirates—if to these obligations they add the extension of civilization—if, by their conquests, they once again cause fertility to spread over the present desolation, they will deserve the thanks of all mankind.

M. Rozet's work is an important one, inasmuch as it enables us to form some reasonable conjectures as to the future, by fairly describing the present state of the country and the people. If his account of the Berbers, given in a former paper, was interesting, the following, of the Moors, the descendants of the ancient possessors of the soil, the most numerous, the most useful, though the least respected, portion of the population, will, we think, be admitted as valuable.

The Moors, dwelling upon the sea coast, have had more frequent communications with the inhabitants of Europe than the Berbers, who are pent up in their mountains. This, and the successive conquests of the country, have modified the habits and manners of this people, and, in a measure, altered the race. Having been subdued by the Arabs, and afterwards governed by the Turks, they embraced Islamism; and from that period their mode of life has differed little from that of the other followers of Mahomet. The Europeans who have settled in Barbary, and become apostates, have all intermarried with Moorish women, and have thereby become members of the tribe of Moors. The descendants of this mixed race are very different from the primitive; and as men of various nations—Spaniards, French, Italians, and even Germans—have thus settled, apostatized, and married, a great variety now necessarily exists in the tribe I am describing. There are, however, among this people, families who have formed no alliance with foreigners, but preserved the Moorish blood unmixt, and who still retain all the characteristics of the primitive race. The men are above the middle stature, their carriage grave and noble; they have black hair; their skin is a little swarthy, but rather fair than brown; their faces are somewhat full, and their features are less strongly marked than those of the Arabs and the Berbers. The nose is generally rounded, the mouth of middle size, and the eyes very open, though not lively. They are muscular, and the bodies of the men rather fat. The women are formed on a scale proportionate to the men; they have all black hair and beautiful eyes, and I have seen some among them extremely pretty. They never wear stays; and, as excessive obesity is considered the perfection of female beauty, they do all in their power to become fat, and are, of course, very defective in shape; their hips, in particular, are wide almost to deformity. Moreover, those beautiful forms, so exquisite in the busts of the Grecian statues, are dreadfully disfigured by the Moorish women, in whom it is deemed a beauty to have that pendant which Nature never intended should be so—at least in youth; and they torture their children, from the tenderest infancy, in attempts to draw down and lengthen, to the most hideous deformity, those fountains of life given to woman for the nourishment of her offspring.

The children of both sexes are extremely pretty. They have a mild expression of countenance, beautiful eyes, and are more intelligent than their parents. A year after our entry into Algiers, the greater number of Moorish children spoke French, which they had picked up in their intercourse with our soldiers, and with a few French merchants who trafficked with their parents.

The Moors form the greater portion of the population of the Algerine States. They inhabit houses more or less costly in the towns and cities, and they occupy some villages. A few of them live separately in the neighbourhood of

the towns, upon small hills, or in the vallies and cultivated plains. These the Arabs and Berbers plunder, and sometimes even murder, when they fix their residence too near that of those ferocious tribes. • • •

The Moors of Barbary exercise almost every calling known in Europe: they are joiners, carpenters, rope-makers, coopers, weavers, shoemakers, tanners, embroiderers, tailors, jewellers, watchmakers, blacksmiths, cutlers, armourers, and so forth. But these several crafts are still in infancy among them, and they who exercise them work so slowly that it is painful to look at them—particularly the watchmakers and the jewellers. I sometimes amused myself with watching some of the latter: after examining their work, they would light their pipe, smoke for some minutes, then, without taking the pipe from their mouth, would file a few strokes, then put down the work, then smoke in idleness a few minutes, then examine the work again, then file a bit,—and in this manner they would continue their labour. I am persuaded that if these workmen were paid at the rate of those in France, they would not earn half a franc a day; but as they are very abstemious, and every thing at Algiers is very cheap, they contrive to maintain themselves and their families. • • •

Some of the Moors used to serve as seamen on board of the Dey's pirate vessels, and others worked in the dock-yards and arsenals. Many of them had little boats, in which, for hire, they took out parties into the bay on excursions of pleasure. There are still some who fish with nets; many others may be seen on the sea coast angling, as they smoke their pipes, and who are content if they catch as much fish in a day as will sell for three-pence. The Moors are not hunters; and I believe they never eat game. All employment requiring exertion is shunned by them; some, however, ride on horseback, but I am much inclined to think that they do so from sheer laziness. • • •

The Moors, in spite of their indolence, generally receive a better education than the people of France. Almost all the men read, write, and know something of arithmetic. There is a great number of public schools in the regency, in which children are instructed from four years of age. The Koran comprises almost the whole of their literary education. When they are able to read a few chapters of this sacred book, they are taught to write; and when a boy has learnt the whole Koran by heart, and copied almost the whole of it, his education is deemed complete, and he is considered very well-informed. Many of them, particularly those who are intended for trade or to travel in foreign countries, learn arithmetic. Some of these acquire the four first rules, but this is not common; for, generally speaking, they seldom go beyond subtraction. I have, however, met Moors at Algiers who were really well-informed men. They spoke several languages, were tolerably well versed in geography, and even knew something of history. • • •

Prior to the conquest of Algiers, the Moors in the towns were subjected to great oppression from the Turks, and in the country, from the Arabs and Berbers, by whom they were often plundered, without daring to carry arms in their own defence. Nevertheless, the Deys had granted them some franchises. They had their own civil and spiritual magistrates, charged with the administration of justice, according to the laws and usages of the regency. There was a Moorish *cadi* in each town, who tried all causes, and from whose decisions an appeal lay to the sovereign; likewise a *mufi*, of the same tribe, to whom the dispensation of religious justice was confided, and to whose counsel the *cadi* had recourse in cases of difficulty. The Moors were, however, subjected to all the other magistrates and police agents of the Dey's government, and those ap-

pointed by his provincial governors,—though with a right of appeal to their own magistrates.

The Moors are vindictive and treacherous, though devoid of personal bravery or military talent. Neither are bad faith, perjury, and idleness, the only faults of this people: they are tainted with the most hideous and most revolting propensities, the very mention of which would make the blood curdle with horror and disgust. * * * Their boasted abstemiousness is a mere consequence of their indolence. Those among them who can afford it, live well—at least, in the sense which they attach to good living. Under the despotism of the Turks, the fear of punishment, and the want of opportunities, prevented them from drinking wine; but many of them drink it now, and it is by no means uncommon to see Moors reeling about the streets of Algiers drunk. Indeed, several public houses, kept by Spaniards and Italians, are filled with them from morning till night.

The known perfidy of the Moors prevents them from having any confidence in each other, and this is the reason why they lock up their wives. This constant mistrust, in which they are forced to live with regard to each other, embitters their existence. A Moor scarcely ever receives visits from one of his own tribe; when any one calls, the slaves shut the door, and say the master is out. Friends and relatives are not, however, always so harshly treated; they are received, at certain hours of the day, in a vestibule at the entrance of the house, far from the apartments, and in which the master of the house sits cross-legged, smoking his pipe.

The thieving propensities of the Moors are beyond all belief: not only do they take every thing they can lay hands upon, but they employ the most subtle means to win your confidence, in order to rob you the moment an opportunity offers. * * *

There is no noble and generous feeling among them; they massacre, without pity, their enemies when defenceless. They threw themselves like wolves upon the French prisoners whom the Turks brought to Algiers; and whom the latter had the greatest difficulty to prevent being torn to pieces. The women ran into the streets to see them, and evinced even greater thirst for blood than the men. The Dey had the cruelty to deliver up to this cowardly and ferocious populace, the crews of the French brigs *Le Sylène* and *L'Aventure*, lost upon the coast a short time before the landing of our army: there was no atrocious barbarity which they did not exercise upon these unhappy sailors. * * *

But with so many vices, have they no redeeming virtues?—Not one that I know of. Their tranquillity is the fruit of idleness and cowardice; the abstemiousness of the poorer classes proceeds from their dislike of work; their punctuality in the outward forms of their religion is nothing more than the result of their superstitious dread of corporeal and spiritual torment; their boasted veneration for the dead serves as an apology for not making any sacrifice for the living,—and this veneration, how far does it extend? why, they even trampled upon the ashes of their parents when their conquerors offered them a few pieces of money to do so. Let me not be accused of antipathy or prejudice: I went to Africa in the firm persuasion that the Turks were sanguinary tyrants, who oppressed, by force of arms, a noble population, requiring only a helping hand to resume its pristine energy;—but what did I find on entering Algiers? Three thousand Janissaries, a third of whom were unable to bear arms, keeping in awe a population of twenty thousand inhabitants. These Turks, after they were conquered and disarmed, still inspired with terror the Moors who passed near them in the streets. Now, whence could arise this terror, by means

of which a handful of men ruled with despotic sway a whole nation?—From the rigour of the laws which they had established. The Turks well knew the character of the people they had to govern: thus, the least fault was punished with stripes; abuse of confidence with the loss of a limb; capital punishment was applied to crimes of comparatively small magnitude; and when a Turk was murdered, thirty lives atoned for his.

We next proceed to the Negroes, a race who enjoyed under the government of the Deys, the same immunities as the Moors, but who, by their repugnance to intermarry with the Moorish women, have preserved untainted their caste and colour:—

From time immemorial (says M. Rozet,) the Moors, and even the Arabs inhabiting the Regency of Algiers, have possessed black slaves, brought from the interior of the continent by caravans, or by the inhabitants of the desert, who traffic in them. The caravans which proceed on this errand into the interior, generally set out from the Empire of Morocco, taking with them hardware, blue cotton cloth, and green and red broadcloths, of which they make an immense profit, by bartering them for gold dust and negroes. The slave merchants find a ready market for their slaves all along the coast of North Africa, even so far as Asia Minor and Turkey. Among these slaves, there are many children of from five to six years old. Sometimes whole families are brought to market. The price for which these negroes are sold, varies according to their corporeal and mental faculties. A strong young man, in good health, costs from a hundred to two hundred boudjou-reals (from 7l. 8s. to 14l. 16s.). The women

* All travellers agree in abusing the Moors. As Algiers is now a subject of much interest, we read for the purposes of review, the *Traité du Royaume de la Ville d'Alger*, &c. by M. Remandot, and the *Comp. d'ail sur la Ville d'Alger*, &c. par Louis Liskeenne, and have only foregone our intention on the publication of the more important work of M. Rozet. But we cannot but notice how desperately some travellers jump to their conclusions. If there be any difficulty in making out their accusations against a nation, they forthwith tell a story—which may or may not be true, but which, true or false, proves nothing against the community in general. From the absurd practice of generalizing from a too limited experience, M. Remandot concludes, as does M. Liskeenne after him, that the Moors poison their fathers and mothers when they get very old, or at least neglect, ill-use, and abandon them; and we are assured by the former that a just opinion of the Moors may be formed from the following anecdote:—

A Portuguese surgeon related that a Moor came one day to him from the country, and said “*Christian Barbéros*, give me some drugs to poison my father; I will pay thee handsomely for them.” The Portuguese was at first astonished, and remained silent for a moment; but, quickly composing himself, replied with a coolness equal to that of the Moor—“What! are you not on good terms with your father?”—“On the best possible terms,” replied the Moor, “He is an excellent man; he acquired a fortune, and has given me a wife, together with all the property he possessed; but he is now beyond labour, on account of his great age, and yet persists in refusing to die.”—“You do right to poison him,” replied the surgeon—“I will give you something which will soon put him in the honour of dying.” So saying, the surgeon prepared a cordial, rather calculated to comfort the stomach of the old man than to kill him, and giving it to the dutiful son, received his money, and the Moor departed rejoicing. In a week’s time, however, the peasant returned, exclaiming that his father was not yet dead. “Not dead!” said the disciple of Machiavelli, “well, he shall die.” Another cordial was given—paid for—and, of course, with the same effect. In a fortnight the Moor returned again to the point, and informed the surgeon with infinite simplicity, that instead of dying, the old fellow appeared to thrive upon the poison. “However, we must not be discouraged,” added this affectionate son; “you must give me another dose, and exert all your skill to render it effectual.” After this the Moor returned no more; but the surgeon meeting him one day in the street, inquired how the poison had operated. “It had no effect whatever,” replied the man; “my father is still in good health—God has caused him to live in spite of all we gave him; and there can now be no doubt that he is a *marabout*, or saint.” Such is the anecdote. *Credat Judeus Apella.*

are dearer, more especially when they are young and handsome, and clever at work: that is to say, when they are good seamstresses and cooks; they are then worth from a hundred to five hundred boudjou-reals (from 7l. 8s. to 37l.). Children from six to eight years of age, fetch from fifty to eighty boudjou-reals (from 3l. 14s. to 5l. 18s. 5d.). Almost all the Moors, with the exception of the very poorest classes, possess slaves. Wealthy individuals have often upwards of twenty.

The negroes may purchase their freedom either with money or by services. Many persons on their death-bed manumit all their slaves; the latter then become Moslems, if they were not so already, and immediately enjoy all the immunities of free citizens. Such is the origin of the negro population now existing in the states of Barbary. Every slave brought from the centre of Africa bears upon both cheeks an indelible mark made with a sharp instrument, and it is by these marks that the emancipated negroes are distinguished from those born in Barbary. * * *

The habits and manner of living of the negroes, are absolutely the same as among the Moors. They likewise wear the turban. * * * Their food is also similar to that of the Moors, though they consume more animal food than the latter; more especially at Algiers, where all the butchers are negroes. * * * They exercise all sorts of callings, and many of them are masons. The Dey’s fire-work makers were all negroes; and many are musicians. These play to the wealthy on gala days, and undertake all the serenades, or rather the discordant noise so called, given at different periods of the year. Their instruments are iron castanets about a foot long, each pair of which weighs two pounds; tanned sheepskins glued upon earthen pots or wooden cylinders, and which are struck with bent pieces of wood; tambourines with morris-bells, and thin plates of copper jingling against each other; guitars made of gourds or thin pieces of wood united with string, and covered with sheepskin with the wool outside; and lastly, enormous bagpipes consisting of reeds sewn into a sheepskin. It may be easily imagined that nothing like harmony can be drawn from such instruments; yet the Algerines take great delight in hearing them, and prefer them to our music, which they consider extremely complex and devoid of character.

From the superstitions of the Moors and Arabs, the negroes derive great profit. They undertake, for a certain sum, to exercise ridiculous and often frightful practices in the Marabouts, or particular places said to possess peculiar properties. I have witnessed many of these ceremonies, and though not by any means a timid man, some of them have made me shudder. The most barbarous, the longest, and the most extraordinary of all those I witnessed, is the Djelep, the object of which is, to cause some particular person to be possessed of the devil. The Moors firmly believe that the devil gives a knowledge of future events to those who are possessed, and who may, in their turn, transmit this prophetic power to any other person. They who have any wish to die into futurity, apply to the Kahilaufan, or chief of the negroes—inquire when the Djelep will take place, and give him a certain sum to be allowed to be present;—for no one can witness the ceremony without such permission, which used always to be refused to Christians and Jews.

The Djelep can take place only during forty days in the year, and at periods fixed by the Kahilaufan. It generally begins after the Ramadan; and notice of it is given to such as have already applied for permission to be present, and also to those who are supposed desirous of obtaining such permission. On the previous evening, the future demoniacs, consisting of

both men and women, but most commonly of women, proceed together with the principal actors in the ceremony, among whom are always an old man and an old woman, to a house devoted solely to the superstitious practices of the negroes, where the intended prophets are put into a room well provided with cushions and carpets, and the entrance to which is closed with a curtain. The old couple, assisted by some other persons, then throw into a lighted furnace of earthenware a quantity of benzoin, gum arabic, an essence called sambel, and some bits of a wood termed calcar. But before this, they kill four hens, with the blood of which they rub all the joints of the candidates in the cushioned and carpeted apartment. They then perfume the latter with the smoke arising from the drugs in the furnace, and afterwards dress them, each in a different manner. They clothe them in caftans reaching to their heels, and with belts and bonnets adorned with cockle shells loosely fastened, so as to strike against each other when the wearers begin to dance. On the morrow, often the same night, twenty musicians arrive, with the instruments I have described above. These squat down under the gallery or verandah of the ground floor, all on the same side. In front of them, and outside the verandah, a carpet is spread large enough to contain the coin and other offerings expected to be thrown upon it. The pavement of the court-yard is carefully swept, but is covered with neither matting nor carpet, although none may walk upon it without taking off their shoes.

The individuals who are to witness the ceremony are introduced as they arrive. One, or at most two, of the persons possessed of the devil are led into the middle of the court-yard, where, on their arrival, they are again perfumed with a fresh quantity of the drugs thrown into the furnace, after which they are left to themselves.

The musicians now begin a frightful concert with their instruments, and the demoniac begins quietly to dance, following with great precision the time marked by the music. All the negro women who accompany him dance likewise, and imitate his motions, but without much animation. The motions of the first dancer soon quicken; by degrees he becomes animated, then furious. He now utters the most dreadful cries, and makes all sorts of contortions. This is the moment when the devil takes possession of him. Those among the spectators who wish to participate in the demoniac frenzy, approach and throw some money upon the carpet; they who have no money, give wax candles, bread, meat, or anything they possess. The music now increases in intensity of horrid discordance; the demoniac becomes more and more animated, until at length, overcome with the noise and with the fatigue of his exertion, he falls senseless to the ground. His dancing companions then withdraw, and an old man brings forward the furnace and perfumes his body. The instant he falls, the music ceases. In the course of a few minutes he rises, the music begins again, and he resumes his dancing. He is again attended by other dancers, and goes on until he falls a second time; again he recovers and dances, and this continues until his strength is completely exhausted. The devil is now said to be in the body of the demoniac. I have several times witnessed this disgusting ceremony, and each time there was something different. The following is the most complicated that I saw.

The principal dancer, or pythoness, was a handsome negro woman, of from twenty to twenty-five years of age, and excessively strong. Her caftan was of green silk with yellow stripes, and her belt and cap were ornamented with shells and morris-bells. After she had fallen several times, an old woman approached and put into her hands two enormous iron poignards with blunted points. The pythoness then recom-

menced her dancing with a poignard in each hand, making convulsive gestures, and uttering screams which absolutely drowned even the infernal noise of the castanets and drums. On a sudden, she struck herself so violently with the poignards, that she must have hurt herself very much, and she no doubt would have injured herself considerably, had not the old woman again approached and adroitly snatched them from her. The pythoness then in a dreadful fury, threw herself upon a Moorish woman who had approached her, and after feeling her in various parts of the body, threw her down, leant over her and spat in her face. The sibyl, on leaving her, ran into an adjoining room, whence she soon after issued uttering the most deafening screams. The music then struck up, and she began to dance with tenfold energy. At length she seemed so exhausted, that I expected to see her fall, when the old woman again approached, put two sticks into her hands. These sticks were ornamented with ivory, and had fringe at each of their extremities. On receiving them, her strength seemed to return, and she continued to dance, but with less barbarous evolutions, until she fell fainting to the ground. One of the musicians now approached her, and, kneeling by her side, kissed her hands and feet. She arose with rage in her countenance, and after throwing him down and pressing his stomach against the ground, crossed his arms and legs, and then tried with all her might to twist his neck. At last, she let him go, and resumed her dancing; but a short time after, she again fell senseless and was carried away.

The persons whom these pretended demoniacs ill use, consider themselves very fortunate, and believe that, as the actions of the persons supposed to be possessed are directed by the devil, they shall assuredly participate in the knowledge of futurity, which that person is said thus to have acquired.

If the negroes form a people distinct from the Moors, it is merely from the colour of their skin, and a few superstitious practices peculiar to them; but they enjoy all the political immunities of the latter. They often enlist as soldiers, and are generally very brave. When we attacked Algiers, not only the free negroes, but even the slaves, took up arms. On every occasion, they displayed great coolness and intrepidity. A body of them having been surprised in a narrow road, they suffered themselves to be cut to pieces rather than flee or lay down their arms.—Three negroes had been sent to fire the powder magazine in the castle of the Emperor, after it was evacuated by the Turks. Eager to examine the effect of our artillery, two of them were mortally wounded in the attempt. The third, after carrying off the flag which floated upon the walls of the fortress, returned, fired the powder, and perished in the ruins. The Dey and his lieutenants always intrusted their most difficult commissions to negroes.

We must defer M. Rozet's sketch of the three remaining tribes to a future number.

Russell de Albuquerque, Conto Moral por um Portuguez: (A Moral Tale by a Portuguese.) Cintra; London, O. Rich.

A tale, moral or immoral, this is not: the work might more appropriately have been denominated Detached Thoughts on the History and Politics of Portugal. Now, though we do not dispute Juliet's assertion, that

By any other name would smell as sweet,
we confess, that we hate to be duped by a name; and, when we expect to have our sympathies awakened by crosses thwarting the smooth course of true love, to find ourselves merely instructed touching the actual

condition of some ill-governed nation, appears to us a piece of treachery not less abominable than those practised on our childish innocence, when, by a show of raspberry jam, we were betrayed into swallowing assafetida, or some other nauseous drug. We must therefore be excused for passing over the erudite dialogues between the Portuguese *Fidalgo* and his English son-in-law; as also those between the hero (who is respectively grandson and son to those worthies), Gonçalo Russell de Albuquerque, and a nameless Portuguese exile, whom we take to be our anonymous author in *propria persona*,—and selecting for translation one of the very few scenes descriptive, or elucidatory, of Portuguese manners.

Herbert Russell being, in 1812, quartered upon Dom Alvaro de Albuquerque, accompanies his host's family to a convent of nuns, to assist at the religious ceremonies of Christmas Eve.

Upon this occasion, the families of some of the nuns and convent boarders were present with the same pious design. In the company of one of these families came a youth, a Coimbra student, whose countenance indicated talent, as his dress and manners discovered a certain carelessness and freedom. It did not cost Herbert much time to ascertain that the collegian cultivated poetry; and as he had not yet heard a Portuguese *improvisador*, whilst his imagination was full of all the information collected in England concerning the *troubadours* of southern Europe, he deemed this a favourable opportunity for seeing a real votary of the *gay science*. Verses were solicited; but the mother abbess ordered tea to be first brought. The day being a fast-day, sweetmeats were distributed, and in such prodigious quantities, as to resemble a convoy of provisions. Those least indulgent to themselves urged the poet to eat, as though his office exempted him from the austerity of church discipline. He yielded to the entreaties of the abbess, and of a constellation of elegant girls; and having prepared his stomach with a variety of delicacies,† offered by beauty, and presented by ringed hands, he asked for a subject. One of the lady visitors, who had paid much attention to Herbert, and suspected his passion for Eulalia—for nothing can be concealed from jealous love—broke out with the following line:

Pensamentos de firme namorado.
(The thoughts of the constant lover.)

Neither the poet nor any one else divined the motive for such a subject; but as he knew Camoens by heart, he promptly composed a sonnet, full of delicate turns, upon the passage whence the line was taken. Herbert copied the sonnet, admiring more and more the talent of its author, and the facility with which he continued to *improvisate*. Thus gaily passed the evening, until, at nightfall, the small bell summoned the community to the choir.

In the church, seats were prepared; and huge logs of oak and ash were burning upon immense braziers. Herbert seemed transported to another region, whilst assisting at divine service. The voices of a choir of handsome girls, whose garments, expressly contrived to disfigure beauty, and put to flight all mundane thoughts, could not achieve the impossible task of disfiguring the fairest work of creation; the incense, lavishly thrown upon live coals, and diffusing its aroma; the silence of night, scarcely interrupted by the music of those divine canticles, of which the sounds died away amidst the valleys of the mountains, where they mingled with the murmur of the winds that waved the boughs of the pines,

† *Celestials, bacchus of heaven, &c.*; but our ignorance of Portuguese convent cookery, has induced us to class the whole under one name.

or struggled with the resisting branches of vigorous trunks, whilst

The famished fox upon the mountain tops
Was howling.

Upon returning to the *Hospedaria* (the place appointed for entertaining strangers), they were conducted to a large, well-lighted saloon, the walls of which were lined with leafy boughs, and flowers such as the season afforded, where Herbert found a scene of a very different character claiming his admiration. There appeared a sumptuous banquet awaiting the guests after the church festival should be over. If neither order nor symmetry distinguished this splendidly-hospitable board, its amazing profusion excited his astonishment. [The reader must recollect, that with midnight mass the fast-day ended.] Different tables stood loaded with dishes, and cross boards were covered with sucking pigs, turkeys, hams, chins, partridges, and woodcocks. A young wild boar, hunted in the oak woods of Torre de Moncorvo, marked the centre of this prodigious abundance. The most delicious cheeses of Salgueiral and Ferreira de Aves; salvers of sweets of the most exquisite quality; eggs prepared according to every known receipt; preserves of all kinds; tartslets innumerable; with certain other sweets of antique cookery, wherein honey supplies the place of sugar, seemingly intended for traditional monuments of old Portugal, likewise graced the tables. Like vessels just sinking under precious cargoes, appeared enormous dishes of sweet rice, powdered with the most aromatic laurel of Toprobana, [we presume, a scientifically-eloquent paraphrase for cinnamon,] together with overloaded trays of creams; fruits of great variety and rarity, considering the season of the year, as melons and water-melons, that rivalled the juicy bergamot and other pears, and merited the preference over the golden oranges of Rêde and Ribatua. If the variety of wine was not great, the best yielded on either bank of the Douro, red and white, was there in the utmost profusion, as well as the most celebrated *liqueurs* of Coimbra. The father-confessors, their assistants, and most of the priests who had officiated in the church, the poet, and the invited guests, seated themselves; and it is not wonderful that they should fall upon this store of viands, so plentiful and so delicate, since, besides the fatigue of so much chanting, they had passed days of fasting and abstinence during the whole of Advent, and needed to repair their wasted strength. For this purpose they prepared their stomachs with the ever delicious and restorative capon broth, which had been made with the most commendable care and attention; and scarcely had the tureens exhaling that pleasing aliment arrived, ere the sumptuous supper was therewith begun, after the fashion of the country. It was broad day when the company retired to their chambers, there to repose awhile, before setting forth towards their several homes.

This striking and peculiar portraiture of Portuguese life and manners, has tempted us to a long extract; and we conceive that, notwithstanding any mutilation or disfigurement of the banquet, induced by our acknowledged ignorance touching the Lusitanian kitchen, our readers are lost in amazement at conventual hospitality. We imagine that the female visitors supped with the nuns in their refectory, and that the ample meal we have endeavoured to describe, was provided solely for the male guests of the sisterhood. We could wish that our author had been more explicit upon this head; but, unluckily, the circumstances respecting which foreign readers are most curious, are often

so familiar to the national writer, that he passes them by as universally known. We could farther wish that he had given us more such pictures, in lieu of some of his dissertations; but his taste is less superficial than ours. He delights in political discussions, and probably anticipates that we shall bestow some fraction of his tediousness upon our readers. We have no such intention, and shall therefore translate a few remarks upon England, introduced on the occasion of Gonçalo's arrival here, after Dom Miguel's transformation from a regent to a king:—

When a stranger passes through England, the whole kingdom appears to him as one city, the different towns and villages being the wards into which it is divided, easily communicating with each other by reason of the excellent roads, and of the multiplicity of the modes of intercourse, which are every day further improved, and carried to such a pitch of perfection, as can only be believed by those who have witnessed it. * * * This marvellous activity, life, and circulation through such numerous channels of communication, by land and by water, gives to the "Insular Rome" her prodigious importance.

But spring is the season when London presents an assemblage of splendour and opulence, forming a picture, perhaps *unique* in the world, as foreigners, even those whom the exhibition mortifies, acknowledge. Whilst the innumerable gardens in the squares and walks, are covered with groups of lovely children, who, from their beauty, their excessive cleanliness, and neat apparel, resemble clouds of doves and pigeons disporting upon carpets of the ever verdant grass that adorns these walks; in the larger gardens and parks, called Hyde Park, St. James's Park, and Regent's Park, [why does he omit Kensington Gardens?] numerous parties of the inhabitants and of elegant *Misses* [so in the original] walk on the green turf. Lines of carriages of the most elegant description, and of rich and varied workmanship, follow one another in numbers beyond the possibility of calculation. The extraordinary elegance and costliness of these equipages; the richness and excellent taste of the liveries; and above all, the beauty of the spirited horses that draw, with such extraordinary velocity, these carriages, as various in shape as they are splendid and happily proportioned, with harness of the choicest manufacture, and all requisites of luxury, are paraphernalia worthy the most beautiful women in the world. * * * But of all these scenes, the most enchanting to a stranger is the ladies mounted upon high-mettled steeds, that tread proudly, and trample the earth, disdain all they pass, as if conscious of carrying nature's fairest ornament. The dresses of those equestrian beauties display as much natural elegance as freedom from study or affectation. In these manly exercises, appear ladies whose beauty is not surpassed by the creations of the poet's imagination. Luxuriant tresses, resplendent as gold itself, rest upon necks whiter than alabaster, or float gracefully over the shoulders of forms that might offer to Canova and Thorwaldsen their *beau idéal*.

We pause to confess some wonder as to who these fair equestrians, with bare necks and flowing tresses, may have been; such not being, to the best of our knowledge of such matters, the ordinary accompaniments of a riding habit. And having paused, we may as well conclude, stating more briefly than our author, that the unnamed friend, the speculative philosopher, is of opinion, that the horsemanship of English ladies, may be one main cause of there being no *Salic law* in England.

Lives of English Female Worthies. By Mrs. John Sandford. Vol. I. London: Longman & Co.

LADIES' FAMILY LIBRARY.—Good Wives. By Mrs. D. L. Child. Boston: Carter & Co.; London, Kennett.

THESE WORKS are so obviously alike that we think it well to put them together in one review—they are, indeed, so alike, that as the first volume of the 'Ladies' Family Library' was published in America, twelve months since, and about that time reviewed in the *Athenæum*, we are somewhat surprised that Mrs. Sandford has not made the slightest reference to it.

This first volume of the 'Lives of English Female Worthies' contains Memoirs of Lady Jane Grey and Mrs. Hutchinson. It is acknowledged that there is nothing in them that is new, and little that is original—we must, however, add, that the work is written in an amiable and becoming spirit, and may be safely, and wisely indeed, given to the daughters of England as a mirror that will, we trust, reflect back the virtues of their young hearts, teaching and strengthening by example. It is true that Mrs. Sandford has some strong prejudices, and the apology for Mrs. Hutchinson's political virtues, which taught her to sacrifice all the glory and the worship which her beauty and genius won for her at a gay court, for the stern duties of a republican life, is not a little curious, and will, we have no doubt, excite a smile in her republican rival, Mrs. Child.

Of the third volume of the 'Ladies' Family Library' we may observe, that it has greater variety than either of the preceding. It contains anecdotes—they do not deserve to be called memoirs—of more than forty women, of all ages and countries, many, indeed, the mere casual references made to the wives in the more enlarged memoirs heretofore published of their husbands; and as all fame has been carried away by the latter, it looks strange to see chapters headed "Mrs. Grotius," "Mrs. Lavater," "Mrs. Luther," "Mrs. Schiller," "Mrs. Wieland," and so forth. With these satellites of greatness we shall not concern ourselves, nor with greatness itself, because all relating to Lady Fanshawe, Mrs. Hutchinson, and the other illustrious women, is, we must presume, known to the generality of our readers. We have, however, alighted on one or two obscure persons in whom we have taken considerable interest; and to one couple, the first governor of Massachusetts and his amiable wife, we intend to introduce our readers—not as examples of any virtue which the world is content to honour—but as deserving of all honour for that best of virtues, devoted fervent attachment—in which all other virtues have their root, and strength, and nourishment. We have not often, indeed, read anything that has touched us more nearly than the chastened spirit of affection that seems to have gladdened the heart of these excellent people, who were, at the time the letters were written, far past the heyday and the bloom of life.

[The following letter was probably written in 1624, or 1625.]

"Most dear and loving Husband,—I cannot express my love to you as I desire, in these poor, lifeless lines; but I do heartily wish you

did see my heart, how true and faithful it is to you, and how much I do desire to be always with you, to enjoy the sweet comfort of your presence, and those helps from you in spiritual and temporal duties, which I am so unfit to perform without you. It makes me to see the want of you, and wish myself with you. But I desire we may be guided by God in all our ways, who is able to direct us for the best; and so I will wait upon him with patience, who is all-sufficient for me. Desiring to be remembered in your prayers, I bid my good husband good night. Farewell. Your obedient wife,
MARGARET WINTHROP.

[In 1627, or 1628.]

"My most sweet Husband,—How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife, than to hear of the welfare of her best beloved, and how he was pleased with her poor endeavours! I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish that I may be always pleasing to thee, and that those comforts we have in each other may be daily increased, as far as they may be pleasing to God. I will use that speech to thee, that Abigail did to David; 'I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord.' I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented."

"I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I will name two: first, because thou lovest God; and secondly, because thou lovest me. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse, and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweet heart. I hope thy business draws to an end. It will be but two or three weeks before I see thee, though they be long ones. God will bring us together in his good time; for which time I shall pray."

"Farewell, my good husband; the Lord keep thee.
Your obedient wife,

MARGARET WINTHROP.

[1629.]

"My good Wife,—Although I wrote to thee last week, yet, having so fit opportunity, I must needs write to thee again; for I do esteem one little sweet, short letter of thine (such as the last was) to be well worthy two or three from me. * * *

"It grieves me that I have not liberty to make better expression of my love to thee, who art more dear to me than all earthly things; but I will endeavour that my prayers may supply the defect of my pen, which will be of use to us both, inasmuch as the favour and blessing of God is better than all things besides. * * *

"Farewell, my good wife. I kiss and love thee with the kindest affection, and rest,

Thy faithful husband,
JOHN WINTHROP."

After having decided upon going to New England, Mr. Winthrop writes thus, in 1629:

"I must now begin to prepare thee for our long parting, which grows very near. I know not how to deal with thee by arguments; for if thou wert as wise as ever woman was, yet it must needs be a great trial to thee, and the greater because I am so dear to thee. That which I must chiefly look at in thee, for a ground of contentment, is thy godliness."

Again:—

[February 14, 1629.]

"My sweet Wife,—The opportunity of so fit a messenger, and my deep engagement of affection to thee, makes me write at this time, though

I hope to follow soon after. The Lord our God hath oft brought us together with comfort when we have been long absent; and, if it be good for us, he will do so still. When I was in Ireland, he brought us together again. When I was sick here in London, he restored us together again. How many dangers near death hast thou been in thyself! and yet the Lord hath granted me to enjoy thee still. * * *

"My good wife, trust in the Lord. He will be better to thee than any husband, and will restore thee thy husband with advantage. I bless thee and ours, and rest, thine ever,

JO. WINTHROP.

"Thou must be my Valentine, for none hath challenged me."

[March, 1629.]

"Mine own dear Heart,—I must confess thou hast overcome me with thy exceeding great love, and those abundant expressions of it in thy sweet letters, which savour of more than an ordinary spirit of love and piety. Blessed be the Lord our God, that gives strength and comfort to thee to undergo this great trial, which I must confess, would be too heavy for thee, if the Lord did not put under his hand in so gracious a measure. Let this experience of his faithfulness to thee in this first trial, be a ground to establish thy heart to believe and expect his help in all that may follow. It grieveth me much, that I want time and freedom of mind to discourse with thee, my faithful yokefellow, in those things which thy sweet letters offer me so plentiful occasion for. I beseech the Lord, I may have liberty to supply it, ere I depart; for I cannot thus leave thee. * * *

"Mine only best beloved, I beseech the good Lord to take care of thee and thine; to seal up his loving kindness to thy soul; to fill thee with the sweet comfort of his presence, that may uphold thee in this time of trial! and grant that we may see the faces of each other again in the time expected. Ever thine,

JO. WINTHROP."

From "the Arabella, riding at Cowes," he thus writes—and there is something very beautiful in that hoped-for communion of spirits which they anticipated from simultaneous prayer referred to in the letter:—

"My faithful and dear Wife,—And now I must once again take my farewell of thee in Old England. It goeth very near my heart to leave thee. * * *

"I hope the course we have agreed upon will be some ease to us both. Mondays and Fridays, at five of the clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God, we are assured that we shall meet one day, in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thy heart. Commend my blessing to my son John. Tell him I have committed thee and thine to him. Labour to draw him yet nearer to God, and he will be the surer staff of comfort to thee."

Thine whosoever,

JO. WINTHROP."

While the vessel was riding before the Isle of Wight, he again writes:—

"My love, my joy, my faithful one,—I suppose thou didst not expect to have any more letters from me till the return of our ships; but so is the good pleasure of God, that the winds should not serve yet to carry us hence. * * *

"This is the third letter I have written to thee, since I came to Hampton, in requital of those two I received from thee, which I do often read with much delight, apprehending so much love and sweet affection in them, as I am never satisfied with reading, nor can read them without tears. Oh, my dear heart, I ever held thee in high esteem, as thy love and goodness hath well deserved; but (if it be possible) I shall yet prize thy virtue at a greater rate, and long more

to enjoy thy sweet society than ever before. I am sure thou art not short of me in this wish. Let us pray hard, and pray in faith, and our God, in his good time, will accomplish our desire. Oh, how loth I am to bid thee farewell! but, since it must be, farewell, my sweet love, farewell. I take thee and my dear children in mine arms, and kiss and embrace you all, and so leave you with my God."

Thy faithful husband,

JO. WINTHROP."

The reader will be well pleased to know that these amiable people met again in safety—the wife followed her husband in about a twelvemonth, and they lived long to bless the colony, to whose interest they devoted themselves. We shall conclude with a sketch of their character by Mrs. Child.

"In manners, they were dignified, but condescending; and in character truly upright and benevolent. Being once informed that a poor man stole his wood, the Governor replied, in seeming anger, that he would soon cure him of stealing. When the man appeared, he said, 'Friend, it is a severe winter, and I hear you are poor. Help yourself from my pile till the winter is over.' He afterward said to his informer, 'Have I not put a stop to his stealing?'

"Governor Winthrop was elected again and again, until worn out with toils, he died in the sixty-third year of his age, March, 1649. Though rich when he came to this country, he died poor."

"It is unnecessary here to pay a tribute to his exalted character; his name adorns the history with which it is so honourably associated."

We cannot be sure that, in these days of high-seasoned literature, our readers will much relish the patriarchal simplicity of these worthy people, or sympathise with us in admiration of their plain, unaffected letters, in which affection is hallowed by religion—but, accustomed as we are to the tawdry affectations and artificial sentiment of modern literature, which, day after day, and week after week, sear our eyes and close our hearts, they came upon us like refreshing rain to the traveller in the dust, who, in estimating its value, forgets that all are not equally athirst. We are content, however, to hazard a smile at our simplicity, in the hope that some, at least, may be pleased, and all may be benefited, by their perusal.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*The Dream, and other Poems*, by Mrs. George Lenox-Conyngham.'—The natural vigour of some passages, and the flowing ease of others would have introduced these poems to public favour when the tide of poeise was at its height in this land. But the waters are receding, and those who venture out in gilded barges and carved shallops, will infallibly be borne to sea and never heard of more. Mrs. Lenox-Conyngham is, we believe, a new adventurer in the realms of verse: the following will show that she has nature on her side, and gentle feelings.

The Family Sepulchre.

Close by a grave three mourners prayed,

When day was almost done;

And on a tombstone, newly laid,

Beamed the departing sun.

One wore a recent widow's dress;

Her face was pale and fair,

And very sad;—but there was less

Of grief than patience there.

Two youths were kneeling at her side,

In early boyhood's flush;

And through their veins, in life's first pride,

The pure blood seemed to rush.

His arms were reverently crost

Upon each stripling's breast:

The father they had lately lost,

Was in that place of rest.

Their prayer was ended:—as they rose,
The widow joined their hands:
"My sons!" she said, "let this world's woes
"Draw closer friendship's bands."
"We three have prayed upon the grave
"For us and our's designed;
"It holdeth one so true and brave,
"His like is not behind.

"I feel I have not long to stay
"Before I, too, shall be
"Reposing here:—then come and pray,
"My children! over me."

Years passed away, and in that time,
The brothers were estranged:
And mutual doubt and conscious crime
Each clouded spirit changed.

Two old men, in a burying place,
Knelt by a moss-clad stone;
One in his hands concealed his face,
And thought himself alone:
But wistfully the other gazed:—
Hoped,—dreaded,—hoped again:
The downcast eyes at length were raised;
They knew each other then.

Those aged men had both returned
From countries far away,
Because their softened souls had yearned,
Upon that grave to pray.
They prayed,—and thought of her who slept
The sepulchre within;
And, heart to heart, the brothers wept
O'er years of pride and sin.

Together in that tomb they lie,
And mingle dust with dust:
They lived too long in enmity:—
They died in love and trust.

'*The Coronet*,' by Mary Ann Browne.—This pretty volume contains poems chiefly of a sacred nature: the poetess has taken a text from Scripture, and preached to the world in harmonious verse. Among the profane strains, if such a word dare be applied to poetry—we have been most pleased with 'Midnight Musings.'

'*The Voyage, a Poem*,' by Henry Christmas.—This little book has reached a second edition, an instance of public favour that criticism cannot but acknowledge is a proof of merit. In the course of his musings, the author gives us a recipe to make verses: the chief ingredients are,

Bright gems, light clouds, and budding roses,
and other matters equally lovely and sparkling—
—he has sometimes, we fear, followed his own ironical directions.

'*A Wreath of Wild Flowers*.'—That many of these wild flowers are but weeds, we could prove by specimens: in short, the prose is too flippant and frothy for us, and the verse is not much better.

'*Sallust; with Notes*,' by C. Anthon.—It is gratifying to find such a proof as this of the palmy state of classical literature in America. The text is taken from the Cortian edition, but with many judicious alterations, more especially the restoration of the old text in those passages which Cortius had spoiled in his furious love for correction. The notes are full of valuable information, and are, at the same time, brief; in a few instances, the editor has introduced disquisitions beyond the usual range of a school-boy's comprehension, but generally he has exerted himself rather to simplify knowledge than to display the extent of his own reading.

'*Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde*. Tome I. Partie I.'—This is the best of the many imitations of the German Conversations-Lexicon that has yet appeared. It is an Encyclopædia, designed, not for the use of students or scholars, but for persons engaged in the ordinary avocations of life, who want leisure to pursue deep researches into the arts or sciences; but who, at the same time, desire to know something about the literary, political, or scientific subjects, discussed in the common periodicals, and in the ordinary conversations of educated men. The work contains just enough of information for this purpose, and not a particle more. None of the scientific articles will teach the subject to a student, but they will direct him to the works

where the best information may be found. On subjects of Literature and Art, there is very little discussion of principles, but the questions to which they have given rise are fairly stated, and references are made to the works in which they are more fully elucidated.

"The fundamental unity of the work," say its editors, "is history,"—and this we regard as the chief excellence of their plan. No other system would allow of such brevity, without degenerating into obscurity. The execution of the design deserves great praise; the articles, 'On Hebrew Antiquities,' by Michael Ben, 'On the Mohammedan History,' by Reinaud, and 'On General Oriental Subjects,' by Klaproth, are of very superior merit: modern politics are treated in a most amusing manner, perhaps with too great a spice of ultra-liberalism in some instances, but generally in a spirit of candour and impartiality. Though we cannot recommend the work to men of letters or men of science, for whom, indeed, it is professedly not intended, we think that there could scarcely be a more useful addition to the library of the merchant, the tradesman, or the professional man, who wishes, without any great waste of time or labour, to acquire a general notion of literary and scientific matters.

'*McGregor's Stories from the History of Ireland*.'—These stories are written with the benevolent design of turning nurseries into Brunswick Clubs, and poisoning youthful minds by party misrepresentations. The style, however, always cumbrous, and frequently vulgar, will prevent the circulation of the poison, for no child, unless as a task, will ever read a dozen lines of the volume.

'*Sea Barking*,' by Samuel Seaworthy.—This work seems written to prove that most of our losses at sea are occasioned by the premium which insurance obliquely gives for the destruction of ships: we dislike the spirit in which some parts of the work is written, though there are wholesome things in it.

'*Taxation of the British Empire*,' by R. Montgomery Martin.—This is a subject too weighty for our handling, and certainly cannot be discussed in a paragraph. Any one who desires to know in what way the taxes on all matters of convenience, utility, and elegance, press upon him, will find what he wants in Mr. Martin's book: he will find more—a vast deal of information, and some valuable remarks.

'*Facts, not Fables*,' by C. Williams.—Of these facts there are fifty: without much labour, the ingenious author has induced them to do all the duties of the most elaborate and imaginative fables; he promises more, and we hope he will remember his promise.

'*Hall's Trigonometry*.'—This little work contains as much of analytic trigonometry as is necessary for students of physical science; it is written with care, and will be found very useful to those for whose use it is designed.

'*Chiesman's Arithmetical Repository*.'—We have some hundreds of introductions to arithmetic in the English language, and not a good one among them. Had the author of the present work pursued the excellent plan which he has sketched in his own preface, he would have conferred a great benefit on the rising generation; but unfortunately, contrary to his own principles, he has followed the system of his predecessors.

'*The Well-spent Hour, a Tale*.'—This is the second English edition of a clever and valuable American work—can we give it higher commendation?

'*Visits to an Infant School*.'—If our children go astray, it is not for lack of instructors. This small volume was prepared for the immediate use of the authoress's dear little nephews and nieces—it may be useful to cousins, provided they are young enough.

'*Cruikshank versus Agnew*.'—This is a smart squib, with some clever cuts.

'*The Cottager's Monthly Visitor*, Vol. XIII.'—There are moral and pious allusions enough in this little work: a few directions in domestic economy would mingle very gracefully with them.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

FILICAJA'S "ITALIA, ITALIA."

TRANSLATED BY MRS. HEMANS.

ITALIA, oh! Italia! thou, so graced
With illi-starr'd beauty, which to thee hath been
A dower, whose fatal splendour may be traced
In the deep graven sorrows of thy mien;
Oh! that more strength, or fewer charms were
thine!

That those might fear thee more, or love thee
less,

Who seem to worship at thy radiant shrine,
Then pierce thee with the death-pang's bitter-
ness!

Not then would foreign hosts have drain'd the
tide

Of that Eridanus thy blood hath dyed;
Nor from the Alps would legions, still renewed,
Pour down; nor wouldst thou wield an alien
brand,

And fight thy battles with the stranger's hand,
Still, still a slave, victorious or subdued!

JACQUEMONT, THE INDIAN TRAVELLER.

[The following sketch of the scientific travels of Victor Jacquemont, whose premature death in India was announced a short time since in the *Athenæum*, is from the pen of M. Prosper Mérimée, the author of 'The Plays of Clara Gazul,' &c. The family of Jacquemont are, it appears, preparing his correspondence for publication; but before the appearance of that work, some account of his journey, and of the numberless difficulties he had to encounter, will, no doubt, prove interesting.]

In 1828, Jacquemont, then attached to the Garden of Plants, as *Voyageur Naturaliste*, was charged with a mission to India, the object of which was to collect for that establishment, objects of natural history, and to form geological and botanical collections.

Had he not proceeded beyond Delhi, he might still have rendered great service to science, but he was desirous to do much more; and it was towards the north of India that he directed his views. The difficulties of an expedition of this nature had discouraged some of the most enterprising travellers, but he felt himself strong in perseverance and courage. The natural history of India is yet but little known; and that little is confined exclusively to the territories occupied by the English. It may be said that the north of India is altogether unknown to men of science. A few travellers, the greater number of whom have been military officers in the service of the East India Company, have penetrated in different directions towards the north of the English possessions, but these expeditions have been without any scientific results, from the want of the necessary qualifications in the travellers, and particularly from the brief and rapid manner in which they traversed those regions.

The territories of the Company are bounded on the north by the Chinese Empire, into which no foreigner is permitted to enter, and on the north-west by the Pendjab. The mountains of Himalaya, which divide Tibet and Tartary from India, and which extend to the Pendjab, are inhabited by barbarous hordes, in a state of perpetual warfare with their neighbours. Here every enterprising individual, who can collect around him a hundred bandits, acknowledges no longer a master, but may, like Attila, style himself the enemy of mankind. It was the geological structure and the natural productions of these mountains, that Jacquemont undertook to examine. On first penetrating into these regions,

hitherto considered inaccessible, he thus expressed himself:—

"It would be absolutely impossible for a European of my profession, to travel in this country, in any other way than that which I have adopted. I recollect certain counsels which were kindly given me by persons who had seen a little corner of the East, and according to whom, nothing was easier than to travel with heavy baggage through all Asia: it was only necessary to join a caravan of merchants, &c. &c. All this was mere romance. The merchants, it is true, make their way every where, (nevertheless, from Cachemire to Teheran, and even from Masched, they go through Lahore, Delhi, Bombay, Bouschir, Shiraz, &c., without passing, and for good reasons, through Caboulistan.) The petty oriental princes, though they rob them, yet do it with a reasonable discretion. They look upon them as geese that lay golden eggs, but, unlike the fabled possessor of that precious bird, they do not kill them, but only insist upon their dropping some of their precious burden. But the mere traveller who passes, never to return, is stripped of his last rag: European travellers are of course numbered in this last category, and can claim no privilege.

"Justice, in him who has the power of being unjust, is looked upon in this country as something miraculous. In all the dominions of the Viceroy of Cachemire, there is no kind of tribunal where differences between individuals can be settled with any approach to equity; but within the last month several litigants, some of whom came from a great distance, have applied to me to act as arbitrator. They speak of my *adaoloute* (justice), and this, I confess, has not a little pleased me."

Jacquemont wrote this letter in the mountains of Cachemire, into which he had penetrated after the most incredible labours. On leaving France, about the middle of the year 1828, he sailed for Calcutta, where he met with the kindest reception from the Governor General, Lord William Bentinck, whose powerful friendship proved of the greatest service to him. He remained in Calcutta till he had made himself master of the Persian and Hindostanee languages, without which, it would have been impossible to hope for any useful result from his expedition—he also, while there, acquired all the necessary information with regard to the manners and customs of the countries he was about to visit. He then set out for Delhi, from whence he directed his course towards the Upper Himalaya and Thibet. There is no doubt, that this excursion will lead to the most advantageous scientific results. The geological structure of the Himalaya Mountains was a problem, the solution of which, it was feared, could only be known at a very distant period. The collections of minerals, &c. brought from these regions by Jacquemont, will put an end to many doubts upon this point, and destroy, it may be expected, several ingenious hypotheses. How deeply is it to be regretted, that he did not live to publish the result of his arduous labours.

After having advanced some days journey into the Chinese possessions, Jacquemont returned to Delhi, to put his collections in order, and then set out for the Pendjab. Rundjet-Sing, the king of that country, the only Indian prince whose territories the English have not invaded, or whom they have not forced to accept their protection, received Jacquemont as Charlemagne may be supposed to have received the learned men sent him by Haroun-Al-Raschid. He appeared to forget, with regard to Jacquemont, the jealous mistrust so prevalent amongst the orientals; he treated him with the greatest distinction, made him several rich presents, and furnished him with all the means necessary to travel through his dominions, with as much

safety as is possible in a country swarming with petty princes, who dispute, and often set at defiance the authority of the nominal sovereign. The extract of a letter from Jacquemont, which I shall add to this notice, contains some interesting particulars, relating to this country and its inhabitants.

After a lengthened sojourn in Lahore and Cachemire, and after several excursions among the mountains and vallies of that kingdom, Jacquemont returned to the possessions of the East India Company. He first stopped at Poonah, where he was for some time detained by illness. He recovered, however, sufficiently to continue his journey; but his health was evidently undermined by the extraordinary fatigues he had undergone. The sudden change of climate had developed in his system the germs of that liver complaint, so fatal to Europeans. His bodily strength was already exhausted, and he was supported only by the rare energy of his mind.

On leaving Poonah he visited the island of Salsetta; and the scorching heat and the pestilential miasma of its forests completed the ruin of his constitution. He perceived, but too late, that the fatal blow was struck. He arrived at Bombay towards the end of October 1832; and the day after his arrival he was obliged to keep his bed. Immediately, and with his usual self-possession, he began to prepare himself for death. His first care was to take all possible precautions for the preservation of his collections of natural history and his manuscripts: he then took leave of his family in a letter, in which all sense of his own sufferings seems to have been forgotten, while endeavouring to console those whom his death was about to leave desolate. After thirty days of sickness, Jacquemont breathed his last at the age of thirty-one, on the 7th December, 1832. During the whole course of his illness he received the most touching proof of kindness from several Englishmen, to whom he had no other introduction than his reputation; and yet by whom he was treated as an old and cherished friend.

There never was a man better fitted than Jacquemont to accomplish the perilous mission with which he was charged: his numerous and varied acquirements, his passion for study, his love of science, and, above all, his presence of mind in the most difficult circumstances,—these qualities, so necessary to a traveller, he possessed in an eminent degree. Courage in him was instinctive: he had no fool-hardy temerity; but he seemed scarcely to acknowledge the existence of danger. This arose from his never having met with any which could stagger or confuse the firmness of his mind. Severe towards himself, he was full of indulgence for others; though possessed of the most exquisite tact for the perception of the ridiculous, he often reminded me of Lucian's stoical philosopher, Menippus—but a Menippus full of kindness and true sensibility. His travels—his scientific labours—will render his name celebrated amongst the learned of all countries: and his friends will never forget the grace and fervid originality of his mind, the nobleness of his character, or his devotedness to those whom he loved.

The following is the extract from the letter before referred to. It is dated

Pergunnah Cannernadge, in the Mountains of Cachemire, on the Banks of the Pohour, Sept. 6, 1831.

At Bondepour, whilst I was dissecting some of the larger inhabitants of the air, the fields, and the waters, I was informed of the arrival, near my camp, of a Vakil, or *envoyé*, of the king of Little Thibet, and of a Mountain Chief in the neighbourhood, who was in open war with the government of Cachemire. The first brought, as I was told, to my lordship, presents from the

king his master, Ahmed-Chah; the latter came merely to pay me homage. He was accompanied by two hundred mountaineers—a circumstance that very much annoyed me. I, however, put on a good countenance, and ordered that they should be detained at some distance until I was ready to give them audience. I forthwith resumed my European clothes, and seated myself majestically upon my chair, under a kind of canopy, got up hastily for the occasion. Blankets were spread upon the floor, and near me was put down a privileged carpet. All our company stood up in two lines, many of them more ragged than any of the poorest people you see in the streets of Paris; and when I was satisfied with the arrangement of this court ceremony, the Mussulman officers belonging to my escort went to seek the Thibetian.

The plenipotentiary, in look and costume, resembled one of the most common-place melodramatic brigands. He made me all the *salaams* which I formerly made the Grand Mogul; and on his knees presented me with the letter of his king, written in Persian, and filled with roses, narcissuses, and basilics, which were flowering perpetually in the garden of his friendship for me, which occupied the entire heart of his majesty. Ahmed-Chah had received my answer to his first communication. He informed me this time, that, in order to gratify me, he had caused a *battu* throughout all his mountains, and that, though the season was not proper for hunting, they had taken forty animals alive, but the greater number wounded. Unfortunately, they almost all died after a few days captivity, and he sent me the only two survivors. The letter also enumerated the objects which he offered me as a *Kheleh*—that is, a robe of honour. This robe was composed of several large blocks of rock crystal, eight huge sacks of dried fruits, two young antelopes alive, and a piece of the same stuff which his Thibetian Majesty wears, and which is made of the down of a certain species of antelope. He described the *envoyé* as having been his Vizier for thirty years—a man in whom he placed the utmost confidence—in fine, his second self. Aga-Cheragh-Ali-Chah (not to omit any of the titles of this singular diplomatic personage,) hastened to let me know that he was intrusted with a peculiarly confidential mission; but seeing me surrounded by so many persons, he merely said that he had to consult me relative to a disease with which the Rajah his master was afflicted. I begged him to inform me of the nature of it at once, that I might have the more time to consider the means of cure; but he answered that it was a disease which could only be spoken of behind the curtains. The invention was not a bad one to get rid of those present, and bring about a private conversation. He afterwards came to me for the purpose, but was so much under the influence of opium, that all he was able to tell me was, that his master was passionately in love with the English, (whom he had never seen, and who are three hundred leagues distant from the boundaries of his puny empire); that he was the humblest of their servants; that his country was theirs, &c. I replied to him, that I had a most furious passion for his master Ahmed-Chah; and that I was, with all the tulips, narcissuses, and roses in the world, his inviolable friend, &c. It was evident that the good man took me for a secret agent of the East India Company.

Two men belonging to the suite of this ambassador had died of cold on the journey, another had his arm broken, and one of the horses had fallen to the bottom of a precipice. But Cheragh-Ali-Chah felt himself so revived by the sun of my presence, that he expressed his conviction, that if he had brought his two dead men and the horse along with him, they would have been resuscitated by my looks—in fine,

he served me up a dish of oriental flattery sufficient to satisfy the most craving appetite for that unsubstantial food.

The mountain chief was afterwards introduced—he was a man of a fine commanding form, perfectly well made, and with a mild and cheerful expression of countenance. I should have taken a great fancy to him, but for the troop of two hundred rascals that formed his train; and even in spite of these disagreeable adjuncts, I could not help being pleased with him—I hastened, however, through prudence, to assure him of the friendly sentiments I entertained for him. I told him that I was the friend of the oppressed, and a promoter of peace; that I deeply deplored the state of perpetual strife and anxiety in which he lived; and that if he would promise me to keep quiet for the future, I would request of Rundjet-Sing the release of one of his wives and his daughters, who were kept prisoners in Cachemire. He told me his story, which was not a little affecting; and certainly I shall not forget the promise I made him, when I again see Rundjet-Sing; but I am convinced that the surest means he could adopt to get back his wife and daughters, would be to take me prisoner, and lodge me in his mountain fortress; and I am grateful to him for having allowed me to remain the uncertain instrument of their liberty, instead of making me the certain pledge for it, which he might have done. At first my intention was to visit his mountains; but after what I learned of his story, I deemed it not prudent to put his sense of justice to too severe a trial, so I determined yesterday to continue my march along the lake, without exploring the valleys that descend towards it.

Dellaveur Millik (so my new friend was called) accompanied me to the borders of a wide torrent that forms the boundary of his contested territory. I did not wish, for his safety, that he should advance any farther, and I was going to tell him so, when he dismounted from his horse to take leave of me. He observed with a smile, that there were no two better guns, nor guns which could kill at a greater distance, than those borne by the two mountaineers who constantly marched at each side of his horse; and that there was no keener-edged sabre, nor swifter horse, than those belonging to himself. Never shall I forget the face and form of this man; the one was so handsome and good-humoured, and the other so picturesque—Sir Walter Scott could have imagined nothing finer.

FASHION IN LITERATURE.

A people so mutable as the Europeans, and so fashionable as the English, must have, of course, changes in the fashion of their literature, as well as their dress. In all matters of enjoyment there are two sorts of beauty—the eternal, which is inseparable from our nature, and the transient, which belongs to fashion. Some writers go so far as to say, that all beauty depends on caprice. I think they are wrong. In this paper, however, I am not going to enter into any metaphysical analysis, nor do I propose to descant on fashions generally; I wish merely to treat of fashion in literature, illustrating, as I may, by any other fashions. Dress has three objects,—the decency of covering, the comfort of warmth, and the grace of ornament. The two first points are presently settled, the third only fluctuates; but, on what principle it fluctuates no mortal knows. It is needless to ask, for no one can tell, why a dress that is very becoming in 1820 should be very unbecoming in 1840.—But so it is. Thus also it is in literature. Take up the magazines, any one of them, which were in no small abundance during the latter half of the last century, and, passing over those papers which

are confessedly of a temporary nature, attempt to read some of those which delineate human character, or discuss topics of universal and perpetual interest; and if you are yourself an occasional contributor to existing magazines, you will turn up your eyes with wonder, and forthwith please yourself with the vain thought, that a vast improvement has taken place in literary taste and literary production. A change has taken place, certainly; but whether an improvement, is questionable. The writers and readers of those days were as well pleased with themselves and with one another, as are the writers and readers of these days; but their fashions are gone by, and ours are going. It will never do to say that the standard of literary excellence was lower heretofore than it is now. Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, Johnson, and many others of minor but not contemptible reputation, lived in the last century. Are the existing giants of literature superior to these men? Or are the multitudinous writers of the present day more nearly on a level with the greatest, than were the scribes of the last century? I think not. For one author that is made by nature there are hundreds made by imitation; and if the imitators have a tolerable knack of catching the fashion of the day, they may shine for a while, like bubbles in a summer shower, and will go out as soon. When gilt articles and gold ones are first made, the difference between them is not so great as after a little wear; and, as in trinket shops you may see gilded goods said to be of a gold pattern, so publishers frequently put forth books merely gilded, and of a gold pattern. This is not always detected at first sight.

The currency of living authors depends much on fashion; but the permanency of the deceased, on sterling merit and true talent. A recollection at this moment occurs to me, illustrating what I have written. Some years ago I was in a library with a gentleman of some taste and talent, but more of a reader than a writer. He was amusing himself with looking into some old magazines; one of them bent him down, for a while, in a frowning absorption of attention; at length he started up, and put the book into my hands, saying, "Here is a paper in this magazine far superior to the periodical essays of that day." I read the paper, and thought that I had read it before; I had, as I soon discovered, for it was from Dr. Johnson's *Idler*. In all probability, the readers of the magazine, when it was first published, thought more highly of this paper than they did of any other in the number; but to them the difference was not so great as it appeared to us who live in another age and under a change of fashion. So, as fashion changes, the gilding wears off, but the pure gold remains ever the same.

For present popularity, besides talent, there is required great tact, and a certain kind of dexterity to make talent tell. Mere fashion, without some talent, will do nothing; but it is astonishing how far a little talent will be made to go by one who has fashion at heart and the fashions by heart. So when you look back to the records of bygone literature, you will find that writers of whom we now think nothing, or next to nothing, had some degree of celebrity in their day, and were thought very pretty fellows. Nay, more than this, you shall see instances of persons gaining a reputation which will not last them for life: poor Dr. Wolcot, the once celebrated Peter Pindar, lamented to a friend that he had outlived his *immortality*. To carry on a little farther the parallel between gold and genius, we may observe, that as there are various degrees of excellence of workmanship in gilded articles which imitate gold, so there are degrees of goodness among inferior writers, who, not possessing the high rank of genius, yet seem nearly to approach it. Such

a man, under favourable circumstances, and in the hands of judicious publishers, may, for a time, enjoy a pleasant kind of temporary immortality; nor is he to be accused of vanity, if he should, on the strength of that success, please himself with the hope of living beyond his fellows, and partaking of the glory of what may be called a posthumous immortality.

In addition to the fashion of literature, which affords a kind of artificial and transient success, there is also the literature of fashion, which contributes greatly to a momentary fame. By this I mean that kind of literature which has for its sole topic, the manners, talk, dress, cookery, and gossip of persons of great opulence or high rank and fashion. He who can write fluently on these subjects, is secure of some kind of attention, but then it is of a very ephemeral and evanescent nature indeed; for fashions change so rapidly, that a tale of fashionable life, which to-day may be admired, may to-morrow become as superannuated and insipid as the Bellman's verses of last Christmas. There is, to be sure, a certain sort of dandyism, or puppyism, mixed up with a tom-tawdry style of hyper-super-double-extra superfluency, in which the writer seems to be treating the whole universe with a profound contempt, and this goes a great way to procure for him a transient respect,—he seems thereby to be so superbly clever: and, then, if he be philosophical as well as fashionable—intermingling Tattersals and the Portico, Jerry Abershaw and Lucretius, Plato and Dick Turpin, Beau Brummel and Socrates—he becomes absolutely irresistible, and splendidly psychological. But the element of immortality is not there,—a new species of dandyism springs up, and they, who were as graceful as swans between twenty and thirty, look as silly as geese between thirty and forty. Writers of this description always exist, but unfortunately they are so exquisitely ephemeral, that their very skins scarcely remain to serve as scarecrows to a succeeding generation; and thus it is that every age has its supply of such curiosities. A true critic, desirous of forming for himself, and for the age in which he lives, a right view of literary merit, would do well to give himself diligently to the study of the influence of fashion on literary productions. The accidents must perish, the essence only will remain.

We have had two great men in our day,—they are both gone. There was, however, about Lord Byron a great deal more of the accidental than there was about Sir Walter Scott. Lord Byron's personal history gave a great impulse to his popularity, and made him to be very loudly talked about; but posterity will care not a rush for his undomestic domesticities, and they will not care two straws for the curl of his lip, and they will heed not at all the chariness with which he nursed his own lordliness, and the contempt which he cast upon royalty. While Lord Byron lived he was in a passion with the world: fits of amiableness, however, are constantly breaking out, even as martyrs in the midst of their agonies have been known to laugh, and joke, and make sport. He was not full of contradictions, but he abounded in antagonisms, which the world calls contradictions: none so gloomy as he in Childe Harold, none so gracefully light as he in Don Juan;—none so desirous of the world's praise, none so careless of its censure;—none so unkind, none so kind;—he was all passion, and only to be rightly apprehended by one all philosophy. Socrates should have been his Boswell, and then the 'Life of Dr. Johnson' would have been only a second-rate book. In a word, I know of no better topic for a philosophical critic, than that he should endeavour to investigate the essence and accident of Lord Byron's genius.

[We continue our abridged translations from Heine's Series of Essays on German Literature and Men of Letters.]

SCHELLING, HEGEL, &c.

Schelling's is a name that merits our most serious attention. He produced one of the most important revolutions in the intellectual world of Germany. But we must take care not to confound the Schelling of the present with the Schelling of the past. They are exceedingly different persons. His renown of old proceeded from his being the first to attack the idealism of Fichte.

Fichte has acquired a great name from the eulogiums of Madame de Staël. However the man may have deserved this, his philosophical system scarcely did so. It was one merely imagined in opposition to the French school, then dominant. When materialism became the creed of the Parisians, there sprung up from rivalry in Germany a school—a philosophy, that denied the existence of matter altogether, admitting only that of spirit. Thus, brute materialism on one side of the Rhine, fantastic spiritualism on the other, gave fiercely the mutual lie—and both with equal truth, there being, perhaps, equal absurdity in the two exaggerations.

At this time, Schelling had the good fortune to appear, with the creed and language of common sense, declaring that both parties were right, and both wrong—that spirit existed, and matter also. On the strength of this, Schelling became a great man. Every other philosophical reputation in Germany grew pale before his. As it required, however, no divine spark of genius to make such a discovery, Schelling could not long retain his pre-eminence. Hegel appeared—Hegel, a true prince of intellect, in whose presence Schelling, in his turn, was eclipsed. Hegel, in fact, became dictator in the literary world, and Schelling, dethroned, *mediatisé* as a philosopher, quitted the enlightened world of the north for the big dark of Munich. It was there that I last saw Schelling, dealing forth expressions of envious disdain against Hegel, complaining that the latter had stolen all his ideas. "They are all mine—my ideas," was the burden of poor Schelling's lamentation.

Mutual jealousy pitted these celebrated men against each other. Whilst Schelling at Munich, the great head-quarters of Catholicism, preaches for the restoration of the ancient faith, and finds all philosophy vain that doth not ally itself with Rome; Hegel, stationed at Berlin, upholds the Protestant doctrine, and dates his philosophy from the Reformation.

From this account it will be seen, that German philosophy, like everything else, has enlisted its mysticism and high views in the mean service of religious and political party. It has clipped its wings, broken its wand, and become an every-day common-place philosophy. In France and England critics speak of the Germans as dreamers and Platonists, moon-struck writers; and they lament, at times, the unfortunate influence of our mysticism on the sober rationality of ancient metaphysicians. Alas! they, who make this complaint, know not Germany as it is. They speak of Kant, his taste, and his times. They are ignorant that, since Schelling, German philosophy has completely changed its character. Of old, our philosophers set out with the simplicity of pilgrims in search of the origin of knowledge. Poor, self-denying, unambitious, they thought, and wrote, and reasoned in their garrets. But the German philosophers of to-day are no such Platons, nor intellectual Quixotes. They set sail upon no sea of ideal abstractions; they merely look for reasons to justify what exists. Wearing the livery of men in power, our present men are philosophers of state, troubling their heads little about metaphysic truth, but exerting their talents to give

force and speciousness to the system of government which happens to pay and flatter them. Thus Hegel, Professor at Berlin, has taken the dogmatism of the Evangelical Protestants as the central point of his philosophy; Schelling, Professor at Munich, does not shrink in his lectures from justifying the most extravagant maxims and pretensions of Roman Catholicism.

From philosophy let us pass to the poets, which it generates. Schelling's resuscitation of the *natural* system, his proofs of the existence and spirituality of material nature, acted as a source of inspiration to numbers of poets. The two most remarkable of these were certainly Novalis and Hoffman. The former was a tender mystic, that took external nature, as it were, for a mistress, and dreamed away his life in rapt contemplation. Hoffman, on the contrary, evoked phantasm and devilry, where Novalis saw but angels and celestial forms. The one peopled the earth from above, the other from below. Hoffman was once exceedingly popular in Germany: he is no longer so. His extravagance wearied the public taste.

There is one great point of resemblance between Hoffman and Novalis; the poetry of both was a disease. Hence, it was said, that to judge of them, belonged to the physician rather than the critic. The rosy tint that colours the writings of Novalis, is not the hue of health, but rather the flush of consumption. Whilst the purple tint that lights up the 'Fantastic Tales' of Hoffman, proceeds more from the fire of fever, than from that of genius.

Novalis was born in 1772, and died at twenty-nine. A lady, to whom he was much attached, died of consumption, and this influenced his every idea. He himself died of the same disorder, leaving unfinished his beautiful romance of 'Henry of Ofterdingen.' Ofterdingen was the famous Minnesinger, who sustained the dangerous poetic combat at Eisenach with Klingsohr of Hungary. The vanquished was to lose his head.

Somehow or other, both Novalis and Hoffman are associated in my mind with two sisters, who, though you may smile at their sphere of life, were intellectual creatures. The youngest and loveliest was called Sophia. She lived with her sister, who was mistress of the post-house some leagues from Göttingen. The latter was a jovial fat woman, with vermilion cheeks, and preponderant bust, and with such stiff circumvallation and *chevaux de frise* of starched lace, that she was like a moving fortress, and, indeed, quite a Gibraltar. This woman, so practical, so active, such a housewife, had one dominant pleasure; it was to read Hoffman. In his volumes she found the genius calculated to excite and please her rude nature. On the contrary, her pale and tender sister shrunk from even the sight of one of Hoffman's volumes. She was delicate as a sensitive plant, and her words were so harmonious, so imaginative, that they were very poetry. She wrote, too, and beautifully, in the style of Novalis. One of her compositions has remained in my memory; it was a colloquy between the last rose of the season, the last lamp of the night, and a wild swan. At morning's rise, the leaves fall from the rose, the lamp expires, and the swan flies away to the south.

In Hanover, there are many wild swans who set off in autumn on the wing, and pass the winter in Africa. I remember our finding one dead, with the fragment of an arrow in its breast; and Blumenbach asserted, that the arrow was an African weapon.

In the autumn of 1828, I returned from the south, and passed the post-house near Göttingen, where dwelt the sisters. My robust lady was sadly changed. Fortress she was still, but a fortress sacked. My acquaintance Piper, the postillion, told me, that even Hoffman had ceased to delight her, and that brandy had supplied his place. Nothing more simple;

brandy was ever at hand, whilst Hoffman's novels were to be sought, four leagues off, in the circulating library of Dauerlich. The postillion, Piper, was a fellow short and sour as if he drank vinegar. Yet he showed emotion when he spoke of Sophia: "She was an angel, an angel already, for she could not live." And Piper, as he uttered this, kicked the ducks of the farm-yard with his thick boots, in order to hide his feelings. The house itself had decayed, like the sisters. Once white and gay, it had grown of a sickly yellow, and the very walls were wrinkled. Carriages lay broken in the yard, and on a broken perch hung up a postillion's dripping scarlet jacket to dry. Sophia appeared at the window. She was reading a volume. It was the 'Ofterdingen' of Novalis. She had never ceased to read this volume, and she now spent on it almost her last moments. She was pale and dying. I took her hands, asked her how she was. In answer, she merely pointed to a little knoll in the neighbouring cemetery, visible from the window.—There she now reposes. The volume which she then read, the 'Ofterdingen' of Novalis, now lies before me, and recalls her.

THE UNIVERSITY OF HEIDELBERG, THE SCHOOL OF CARLSRUHE, &c.

Heidelberg, June 22.

You may perceive by the date, that I am at Heidelberg. I have, however, hitherto been too busily engaged in exploring the beautiful valley of the Neckar, and the all-romantic labyrinth of the old Castle of the Electors Palatine, to permit the penning of a line. It is now pouring with rain, and having sent for a book that would afford some insight into the ways and studies of the University, I have received *Anzeige der Vorlesungen, welche in Universität zu Heidelberg, &c.*—a list of two hundred lectures. Twenty are dedicated to Theology. Of these, the first is a daily lecture, by Paulus, introductory to such studies; then, divers are explanatory of different books of the Old and New Testament; two or three on dogmatic Theology; and one on Practical ditto; one on Ethics; and one on Church history. The identity and harmony betwixt rational and christian morality is expounded by Professor Schwartz, and is, perhaps, the most striking sign of the spirit in which religion is taught, in Germany, to its future ministers and preachers. Pass we next to Law, for which Heidelberg is considered a famous school. I reckon forty-four courses of lectures, and fifteen professors. Of these there are three which treat exclusively of the method and arrangement of legal science; two courses are devoted to natural law; eight to Roman jurisprudence and its history; two to international law; four to the general law of Germany and its confederation. The laws relative to religion, to Catholic and Protestant rights, are expounded by two professors, one of either sect: the feudal law has its professor; the Code Napoleon another. The teacher most in repute, is Mittelmayer, President of the present Baden House of Commons, and, at the same time, supposed to lecture here two or three times a day on *Deutsches Privatrecht*—on civil and criminal process; duties, that he reconciles as well as he can, by running backwards and forwards between this and Carlsruhe. Universally, indeed, the class of professors at the German universities, is what the bar is in other countries, the nursery of political character. Were we to erase the names of professors from the representative assemblies of the German states, we should, at one stroke, extinguish their talent and their weight. But the professional body here forms a high court of appeal in judicial matters. They form a kind of Chancery bench, a junction, which gives them, as you may well suppose, a vast influence, and

invests them with a degree of sanctity and respect, which, at least, our teachers have not.

In Medicine, I count upwards of thirty courses of lectures. Of the medical professors, Tiedemann, who teaches anatomy, is by far the most celebrated. They call him supreme in Germany. The king of Prussia offered him a larger income and honours, to seduce him from Heidelberg, but in vain.

Philosophy, which includes all beyond the three named faculties, and is applied equally to astronomy, Roman antiquities, and logic, has twelve ordinary, and as many extraordinary professors. The most renowned are Kreuzer, for the classics, and Schloper, for history: the former, every way worthy of his great reputation; the latter, very well read, I dare say, but rather behind the advanced march of ideas in this walk of science, in France at least—for in England, I am afraid, the philosophy of history is less advanced, as a science, than even in Germany. The only book there seems to be Miller's *Philosophy of History*, a most stupid affair; whilst France has Guizot, Lerminier, and a host of distinguished names; and Berlin at least has Hegel. What a shame! There are chairs of history in all the English universities, but not a historian to fill them.

In the town of Heidelberg itself, I have been rather disappointed. It has not in the least a collegiate appearance; indeed, there is not a building in the town, that could ever be mistaken for a university, except, perhaps, the old gloomy stables, walled in and towered, of the Electors Palatine. The students, too, are by no means that wild, uncouth, bearded race, which they are represented. On the contrary, they are well behaved, well kempt, and rather dandyish than the contrary. But for the eternal pipe, and now and then the scar occasioned by a sword-blow in the face, I can see nought that would distinguish, or sink them below the gentleman commoner of Oxford or Cambridge. But the unsparing, and sometimes impertinent, remarks of English tourists have done good in this respect. Capt. Hall and Mrs. Trollope have had, I understand, potent influence in reforming certain uncouth habits of the Americans; and certain of our strictures on the German universities have reached them, and have been felt. At Heidelberg, every student now piques himself upon neatness of person; whilst impropriety of behaviour, instead of the rule, has become the exception. Heidelberg, however, notwithstanding the reputation of its professors, is menaced by a serious blow. Hitherto, its classes have been filled by students from all parts of Germany, even from the remotest provinces of Prussia; and this proved a great bond betwixt northern and southern Germany. The King of Prussia, however, since the late disturbances at Frankfurt, has issued an order, that no youth of his dominions shall for the future repair to Heidelberg for study, there being (the edict asserts) ample field and opportunities in the Prussian universities. Thus, the two hundred Prussian youths, who at present form, perhaps, a fourth of the Heidelberg students, are removed by a stroke of the pen, or rather by a wield of the sceptre, at the end of the present half-year, and must repair to Bonn, to Berlin, or to Halle, in order to complete their education.

The monks of old were accused of erecting their habitations in the richest and the choicest spots. I do not see why we should sneer at their good taste, whilst we applaud that of the Baron or the Prince. The founders of the universities of southern Germany had equal discernment. There are few more beautiful sites in the world than Heidelberg, Freyberg, and Tübingen. No academic walks can equal those through the wooded hills that overhang the Neckar, and that surround the old ruined castle of the Electors

Palatine. Last night, Sunday, students and townsfolk were there in crowds, indulging, I am sorry to allow, in potatoes of beer—but to forget the liquor, and to listen to their songs, was truly delightful. You are aware, perhaps, that music makes part of the commonest German education; and that, even at their Gymnasias, where the children of the commonality are instructed, at the rate of three kreutzers (about one penny) a day, singing and the science of harmony are taught as scrupulously as the Bible.

Having given you an account, in the commencement of this letter, of the university studies, allow me to add an account of the course of school learning in this country, of which I can say that certainly the result is admirable: for every one is well instructed, even the peasant; and the boy, who has completed only his school education, is well fitted to commence any profession. The example that I shall choose is the Lyceum, or public school of Carlsruhe, said to be one of the best. It consists of nearly 500 scholars, of which about 100 are Catholics, and about a score are Jews. Boys usually enter about six years of age, and continue till sixteen, the proper age for their removal to the university. This ten years difference divides the scholars into ten classes, one for each year. Their course of study is as follows:—10th, or youngest class, are taught spelling, reading, writing, numbers, the Latin declensions, and the elements of religion—the 9th, the same in an advanced degree—the 8th learn select parts of the Bible, syntax, French, a general idea of the earth, its surface and divisions; they begin natural history by studying a list and description of domesticated animals in the winter half-year, and of the best known plants and vegetables in the summer half-year; arithmetic, &c. is continued, and singing begun by exercising the voice and ear—the 7th undertakes Eutropius and French, in addition to the usual studies—the 6th reads Nepos, Phædrus, commences Greek and physical geography, continuing natural history, harmony, &c.—the 5th studies the Bible itself, German grammar, with composition and improvisation, in German prose of course, reads Cæsar, conquers the rule of three and fractions; Greek, French; and geographical studies are confined to the German empire—the 4th class begins the learning of creeds, and the expounding of the Gospels—here Catholic and Protestant separate; Virgil and Xenophon are the classic studies, political geography comes after physical ditto, ancient history is commenced (I think too late), geometry is commenced—the 3rd studies 'The Theory of the German Prose Style,' Sallust, Cicero, Virgil, Xenophon; begins Hebrew, translates French into German, studies German history, and gets into the higher branches of mathematics, conic and cubic sections, &c.; the science of harmony is not forgotten. The 1st and 2nd classes seem to have enormous tasks: they are perfected in religious knowledge and church history—they read Cicero, Tacitus, Terence, Livy, Horace (Horace, in England, is given much too soon to be learned); Herodotus, Homer, Sophocles, Plato, Theocritus, are on the list. I doubt much if they can be all mastered. To a knowledge of Hebrew and French, that of English is now added, the Vicar of Wakefield enacting class-book. Rhetoric and eloquence are taught. General history, zoology, physics, chemistry, empirical psychology, logic, and fourfold harmony.

A young German head must be monstrously capacious; but let me not mock. The school acts almost up to all that it professes, and sends forth accomplished scholars; and, one may say, at the most trifling expense. It is owing to these institutions that the Germans, taking all classes into estimation, are the best informed people in the world; far superior, I must say, to either French or English. What the English know,

they know practically, and they are no bad judges of their own interests—nay, of the general interest of the country, without having read much on the subject. The French, in the same manner, learn taste and trifles; the peasant can criticise a play, but he neither cares for, nor could use an electoral vote. The solid farmer of Baden, unlike either, plods up the stairs of the parliament house of his duchy, takes his seat in the gallery, and listens with interest to the discussion on the duties upon salt, or the exportation of grain. Low as the Germans are in some respects, I really hope more for them than for any nation in Europe. They have the best foundation in education, and in religious principle. In good time they will take care of their liberty and independence.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

Mr. Lockhart, we see, has announced the 'Life of Sir Walter Scott, with Extracts from his Letters and Diaries.' The Diaries are extensive, and the Letters numerous and important, including much that is interesting in literature, and valuable in antiquarian lore.

These are the days of Memoirs. Mr. Galt has his Autobiography in the press: it extends to two volumes. His life has been a chequered one—no living man of genius has, we imagine, seen so much. As an author, a merchant, and planner and planter of colonies, he must have a great deal to say that the world will be glad to hear; nor will his communications affect us the less that they wear here and there the hue of present suffering.

The periodicals of this month are, in general, too speculative and disquisitional. We like matters of fact; and therefore we continue to like our old friend, the *Gentleman's Magazine*: it is occasionally less brilliant in criticism than we could wish; but there are many solid and wholesome things in it—lumps of pudding, which are better than half the mushroom viands spread by its more ambitious brethren.—*Blackwood* continues to deal in long articles: we do not, however, consider the interesting 'Memoir of Admiral Sir Henry Blackwood' as too long; nor the article on the 'Greek Anthology.'—*Tait's* has its attractions: the discourse on Periodical Literature is a little vague here and there, but has many good points: the paper on Pitcairn's Criminal Trials is a valuable one; and that on Horace Walpole, though somewhat late, cannot be read without interest.—*Fraser* is never without a smart article or two: that on the new edition of the 'Rejected Addresses' is capital. His likeness of 'that noticeable man, with large grey eyes,' Coleridge, is truth itself—we had almost said life.—The *Metropolitan*, so long as it has its Peter Simple, will be sure to float: he has, however, in this number, shot honest Chucks, the boatswain, and left him in the enemy's hands; but we can see that he is so shot as to indicate that a good surgeon will cure him again. Clavering's Autobiography, too, is interesting; but here our commendation ends.—The *Monthly Magazine* speaks with knowledge of the Old Actors, and promises to speak again. The 'Tale of Gillelts' is a laughable anecdote well told. The 'Anecdotes of a Detenu' are but indifferent—here is one of the best:—Junot, the Duke d'Angantes, was extremely kind to his servants, and it was well known in Paris that they robbed him to a considerable amount. 'They may take a few bottles of wine, or a few pounds of meat, I believe,' said Junot, when his friends referred to the circumstance, 'but the real robber is my steward, and I do believe he plunders me by wholesale.'—'Then why not get rid of him?'—'It is of no use,' replied the marshal; 'he is in other respects a good man; he is attached to me, and

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has rendered me some services; besides, if I were to dismiss him, I should be cheated in the same way by another.' On the first day of the year—a grand day in France—the numerous servants belonging to the marshal came to offer their customary congratulations. On each of them he conferred a gift.—'As to you, sir,' said he, addressing his steward, 'I will make you a present of everything you have robbed me of during the past year.' The steward made a low bow and retired.—The Cobbetts have some tolerable papers in their Magazine. The Visit to the Royal Academy Exhibition has its merits: it abounds, however, in unbecoming personalities, which must not be persisted in, if the editors desire to establish a name for good taste and good feeling.—The *United Service Journal* continues, even amid these piping times of peace, to interest and instruct us. The Reply to the Crisis at Waterloo is a paper of which history will yet avail itself; and biography may find some characteristic anecdotes in the account of Sir John Malcolm.—We hear something like the winding of a bugle and the hallooing to a hound, when we open the *Sporting Magazine*—there is a spirit in it all its own.—But the lily of our regard is the *Court Magazine*. It is an elegant, lady-looking affair, and contains fine faces, fine houses, and fine dresses—romantic adventures and stories of true love. 'The Haunted Wood of Amesay,' by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and 'A Year of Honey-moons,' by Leigh Hunt, are worth any papers in the more ambitious periodicals.

The new number of the *Westminster Review* contains some good articles: that on the Life of Pym seems fair, and abounds with characteristic traits, such as biographers love. The review of the 'Fairy Mythology' is much to the purpose: we suspect, however, that a belief in fairies belonged to Europe at the same time that it was common in Persia: we cannot stop to give our reasons for this, nor for assuring the author of the article, that though not believed in at Charing Cross, they are so in many country places.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

July 4.—Mr. William Yarrell in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. The report of the Council, read by the Secretary, stated, that the receipts, during the month of June, amounted to 2,288*l.*, and the number of visitors to the Gardens and Museum 46,200. Numerous donations to the menagerie, &c., were also announced. Forty-six new members were elected, and certificates in favour of forty-five candidates were read from the chair, after which the meeting adjourned.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

We have received the official account of the great reforms effected by the Provost, in the course of education prescribed to the students in the University of Dublin; they are of such extent and importance, that we have resolved to devote a part of our space to their examination. As some of the regulations are only provisional, we shall venture to suggest some additions, and, as we believe, improvements; indeed, they are little more than extensions of the principles that have been already adopted.

In the new arrangements, a distinction is made between those who are candidates for honours, and those who merely wish to save their examinations, a more extended course is prescribed for the former, but its limits are accurately specified. This will be found of immense advantage to the students residing in the country, who hitherto contended for honours against fearful odds, as they did not know what

books were recognized as legitimate extensions of the old course.

The classical course is greatly enlarged and admirably arranged; the epic writers engage attention in the first year; the dramatists in the second; the orators in the third; and the historians, in the fourth. Attention is directed to the long-neglected subject of Latin Mythology, by the introduction of Ovid's *Fasts*, an edition of which, by Keightley, is in immediate preparation. Herodotus, Thucydides, and Plato, for the first time form a part of the undergraduate course; the task of editing the latter has been undertaken by Mr. Stanford, a gentleman deeply imbued with the nobler feelings of Greek philosophy. In addition to what has been done, we should strenuously recommend the addition of a Greek play—the *Ion* or *Alcestis* of Euripides, for instance—to the entrance course, that the reform effected in the Irish University may be extended to the Irish schools, where, Heaven knows, it is sadly wanted.

The scientific course is thus classified: mathematics, the first year; logic, the second; physics, the third; and ethics, the fourth. The logical course is extended by the introduction of Whately, Brown, and Stewart; and Paley, Gisborne, and Cicero's *Tusculan Questions* are added to the ethics. In the science of the third year, we would strenuously advise the substitution of Arnot's *Elements of Physics* for Helsham's *Lectures*: experience has taught us that there is no better exercise for the students, both of mathematics and physics, than translating that admirable work into algebraic formulae. We mention this the more readily, because the reviewer of the work in the *Journal of Education* blames it, for wanting mathematical reasoning—if his head had not been disordered by a & a he would have found, that the reasoning in the work is strictly mathematical.

Instead of two medal or moderator courses, there are now three—the classical, the mathematical and physical, and the mental and moral. The last is altogether new; and is, perhaps, the most valuable change that has been effected. We would gladly see a fourth added, containing chronology and history, both ancient and modern.

In the higher classical course, we find Pindar, Lucretius, and Aristophanes, for the first time; the play selected from the latter, is 'The Clouds'; we should have preferred 'The Knights,' on account of its constitutional and historical importance. The mathematical and physical course is above all praise; but we should gladly have seen Blakey's *History of Modern Moral Systems*, joined to Smith's *Views of Ancient Ethics*, and also some select portions of Victor Cousin's works, recommended to the students. The principles of criticism and taste belong also to this department of knowledge; but we do not know any treatise on these topics which could be safely recommended as a class-book.

With great wisdom, the heads of the Irish University have resolved not to enforce residence; but they require on the other hand a stricter attendance at the examinations. There are three every year; and attendance at two of them, one of which must be the October examination, is necessary to keep the class; but to prevent any disadvantages that may arise from accident or sickness, students may answer in the business of the October examination, at some subsequent examination; but this supplementary examination will reckon for the past, and not for the current year.

Many excellent changes have been made in the form of conducting the examinations, among which we notice with pleasure, the introduction of written or printed questions, without discarding the old *vidi voce* method. Some useful alterations have been made respecting honours and prizes, not the least of which is the arrange-

ment for publishing regularly accurate lists of the successful candidates. We trust also, that the plan adopted by Mr. Todd, in the University Calendar, will not be laid aside, but that accurate lists of the questions asked at the most important examinations will be continued, both for the purpose of enabling the public to judge of the efficiency of the system adopted in the University, and affording students in the country a means of examining themselves in their own proficiency.

No terms of praise would be too high for the merits of Dr. Lloyd, to whose exertions the adoption of these improvements must be mainly attributed. He has at once raised the Irish University to the first rank, as a place of efficient instruction, among the literary institutions of Europe. Honours are no longer confined to any particular branch of knowledge; students are at liberty to choose among the three courses that which is best suited to their inclinations or their talents, assured that meritorious exertion in any department will be appreciated and rewarded.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

THE united services of Pasta, Malibran, Taglioni, and Paganini, drew a full house for the benefit of Laporte.—In the last act of 'Otello,' Malibran sang the 'Romance,' with exquisite pathos, but her acting was occasionally a little overwrought.—Bellini's 'Norma' is nightly repeated with that success which the transcendent powers of Pasta justly commands. The melodies in the last scene of this opera, are full of expressive beauty, but the choruses with men's and women's voices in unison, and the want of skill in supporting the character of the movements by the orchestra, are defects which a man of genius ought to be ashamed of.

THE CONCERTS OF THE SEASON.

WE have noticed regularly the Antient and the Philharmonic, but we found, early in the season, that, from the unprecedented number of private concerts announced, a notice of them all, however brief, would occupy too much space, and yet be very unsatisfactory to the Musical World, for the same set-phrases must have served upon a dozen different occasions. The truth is, these concerts and the *beneficiaires* may be intelligibly classed, and the nature of the entertainments judged of by general rules. In the first class, is the artist whose reputation as a player, or composer, or both, is sufficiently established to secure him a full attendance, on the mere announcement of his performance. Such only are the individuals who, on the continent, find their talent a profitable passport from city to city. On these occasions, the orchestra is always efficient, and able to do justice to some new composition, which is generally produced—the programme is good, and a proof of sound musical judgment; and, in compliment to the acknowledged talent of the artist, he is willingly assisted by eminent vocalists, and the concert gives great satisfaction. Of this class, were the concerts given by Hummel, Moscheles, Cramer, Herz, De Beriot, Nicholson, Potter, Bochesa, &c.

Of the second class, are those residents in the metropolis, who enjoy a first-rate reputation as singers or players, and who by their connexion in teaching, and their courtesy in performing gratuitously at private parties, can safely calculate on a large sale of tickets. By this class considerable sums of money are often expended, in engaging particular performers or singers, whose names blaze forth in advertisements, and a little puffing is sometimes resorted to in the public papers; but these concerts are highly interesting to many persons, who only

occasionally visit such places, from the variety of talent engaged. Among those who have given the best concerts this season, are De Benis, Vaughan, Mrs. Anderson, Mad. Dulcken, Mori, Schultz, Begrez, Sale, &c. It must, however be admitted, that concerts given by this class of artists are sometimes eked out to a most wearisome length, by a display of second-rate talent; and before the performance is over, one half the friendly assistants in the orchestra have frequently walked off, leaving but the skeleton of a band.

The third and lowest class it is impossible to describe—they are, for the most part, very indifferent performers, ballad and romance singers, or teachers of an art, the rudiments of which they are ignorant of—people who grovel on from year to year, begging, supplicating, or importuning, as the case may be, and depending solely on the gratuitous assistance of their generous and talented brethren, and the charitable consideration of amateurs and friends. On these occasions, owing to "the sudden illness" of a Madame or a Signor, the order of the programme is often inverted; the delay between the different pieces is generally awful; and the whole performance wretched. We shall not, on this occasion, name the offending parties—but they may not escape so easily another year—they are well known in the musical circles, and we may add, that they are mostly foreigners. We do not write this idly, or merely to put down an annoyance to which gentlemen amateurs and party-giving ladies subject themselves; for the tickets taken by such persons, are usually a return equivalent for services foregone; but, because these concerts have had, and must have, a serious and injurious influence on the concerts given by men of undoubted talent, who would blush to have recourse to any unworthy means of collecting an audience; and will, if not now checked, seriously affect the Subscription Lists of the Philharmonic, the Antient, and the Vocal Concerts.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mignon's Song; or, a Foreign Sky Above. By the Author of the 'Musical Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.'

THE composer in this song has indulged rather too much in luxurious harmony. The melody is expressive, and by its varied rhythm, suits well the measure of the poetry.

I will Think of Thee. Composed for and sung by Mrs. H. R. Bishop, and dedicated to Meyerbeer by H. R. Bishop.

THIS and the preceding, we have chosen from a very large collection of vocal music sent for review, as the productions of composers above the standard of ordinary ballad-mongers—but of this last, we must say that neither in the melody nor the accompaniments is there much skill or variety.

Old May Morning. A cheerful Glee, for Four Voices. By Mr. Novello.

THIS composition obtained the prize given annually by the Manchester Glee Club. We confess that, from Mr. Novello, we did not expect a glee so light-hearted and joyous. In harmony and counterpoint—in the combination and the flowing ease of the parts, few were likely to compete with this sound musician; yet, we doubt whether any glee, presented on the occasion, had equal claim on the score of melody alone. It is written for voices of ordinary compass, which is an additional recommendation.

THEATRICALS

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A new comedy, in two acts, written by Mr. Charles Mathews, was acted here, for the first

time, on Wednesday. It is called, 'My Wife's Mother,' and displays the various miseries inflicted on a previously happy couple by a meddling mother-in-law, who takes up her residence with them, and who, under pretence of better regulating a family, in which nothing went wrong before, throws everybody and everything into confusion. The first act was rather flat, but the second was full of fun, bustle, and business, and made ample amends. We thought that the meddling on the part of the mother-in-law commenced too soon, and that it would have been better if all had gone smoothly to the end of the first act, and the reverses had not commenced until the commencement of the second: we also thought that the character of the mother-in-law was not so clearly made out as it might have been. We are, even now, a little in doubt as to whether she is a good or a bad woman at heart; but these are spots on the sun of a clever and sharply written piece, and the excellence of Mrs. Glover's acting is more than sufficient to rub them out. The more we see of Mr. Farren, the more we have occasion to admire the beautiful drawing and exquisite finish of his living pictures. Let any persons who have constantly attended the theatres, and seen the numberless old men he has acted, ask themselves if they can name any two of them which are not, as well in voice, deportment, and gesture, as in dress, clear and distinct from each other; and when they have answered themselves, that they *cannot*, let them join with us in doing proper honour to this finished artist. We wish also to point out to the observation of others, who enact old men in modern dramas, the general propriety of Mr. Farren's dress. If they will attend to it, they will soon see that the three-cornered hat, the huge snuff-coloured or red coat, the embroidered waistcoat, the knee breeches, the square-toed shoes, and large buckles, may be laid aside—and that, by a moderate, and, for the stage, allowable exaggeration of those peculiarities of dress always to be met with amongst old men of the day, as much character may be thrown in without the sacrifice of truth. Mr. Frederick Vining, and Mr. Brindal, both played with great spirit. Miss Taylor and Mrs. Honey had little to do, but "*did that little well.*" The piece was vehemently applauded at the conclusion.

ASTLEY'S.

The Grecians came running to Troy,
The Trojans came running to meet 'em,
It's known to each little school-boy,
How the Greeks they horse-jockeyed and beat 'em—

says the song; and, as this theatre is meant mainly for the entertainment of school-boys, little and large, it is lucky that the victors are known to them, for really it would be a difficult task to decide which side has the best of it at Astley's. After all, what does it signify? Don't we go there to be amused? And can any one be found hardy enough to assert that he has passed an evening there without having been amused? Where can one see such fine horses—such gaudy trappings—and such good training? Where can one behold such glorious combats of horse and foot?—at least, with the important condition of personal safety annexed to the sight? Where can one witness such good bad acting? Even with reference to the 'Siege of Troy' (the piece now acted here nightly), we answer "nowhere." It may be urged by critical sneerers, that the comic portions of this drama are heavy and deficient in provocation to laughter. We admit that they are so—and what of that? Do not the serious parts make ample amends? Assuredly they do; and, if the end be answered, what can it matter which end it is? Then there are the Scenes in the Circle, which are really capital, with Mr. Ducrow, the most graceful and best of professional riders,—

a gentleman who is clever enough to impart to the audience very nearly as much satisfaction with him as he feels with himself: then there is Miss Woolford, who leaps as well as she looks, but scorns to look before she leaps; and then there is Mr. Avery, who is A-very good horseman, and eight other equestrians, who bother one horse most amusingly; and last, though not least—yes they are—*least*—there are the children and the ponies; and, together, they enact a little drama about Napoleon, called, 'The Emperor, the Mameluke, and the roguish Drummer,' and the Bonaparte—indeed, we may say, the pony-party—is admirable. Children growing, and grown, should see this—in short, everybody should go to Astley's once a-year.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

Such is the new name given to the Cobourg; and given as the late name was, because it opens in honour and under the patronage of a princess destined, in the ordinary course of nature, one day to become Queen of the "tight little Island" and its dependencies. An address was spoken on the occasion of the opening, on Monday evening, by Mr. Abbott, who is joint lessee with Mr. Egerton. It was extremely well received, but such reception was more owing to the general good feeling which pervaded the audience towards the new undertaking, than to any intrinsic merit of its own. One half of it was filled up by a long comparison between the lessees and a tavern-keeper, as about to open a public house for the entertainment of their guests; with the usual jokes about "good larder," "bill of fare," "old wines," &c.; and the other partly with well merited compliments to the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, but mainly with hopes that the latter might one day prove a second Elizabeth; hopes in which, for certain reasons too political to find a place here, we could by no means bring ourselves to join. But to business. The new lessees have shown much activity and industry in putting the theatre in order and engaging a company well fitted to sustain the rapidly-increasing reputation of the Minors. This house is the best for size and shape in London; admirably adapted for seeing and hearing, and yet large enough for all dramatic purposes. It has been thoroughly cleaned and fitted up with considerable taste. The performances were a new-old opera said to be the production of Mr. J. A. Wade the composer, and 'Black-eyed Susan.' Of the opera we have little to say, except that the sooner it makes room for a successor the better. The dialogue was dull almost beyond the endurance of a house full of friends and well-wishers; and the music, with the exception of two songs, sung with great cleverness by Mrs. Keeley, and a short chorus, evidently German, was void of interest. Mr. Wade has done much better on former occasions. We have called 'The Minstrel; or, The Forest of Ardenne,' a new-old opera, upon the authority of some of the papers, which have stated that it was first produced in Dublin, some twelve years ago. They may be wrong and the piece may not be so old, but we take it upon ourselves to assert, that almost every incident in it is a great deal older. The merits of the company generally are too well known to the public to need particular comment here; but we are happy to report well of a Mr. Wood, from the Norwich Theatre, who played a miserably bad part in the opera very sensibly, and *Captain Crosstree* in 'Black-eyed Susan' very cleverly. He deserved and obtained much applause. The house was well attended, and there was a good sprinkling of fashionables from the opposite shores. The afterpiece went off with so much spirit, that no one, who was not previously aware of the fact, would have suspected that it had been played forty thousand times.

MISCELLANEA

British Association for the Advancement of Science.—The meeting was numerously attended, and went off with great spirit. The Address, delivered by Professor Whewell, on the Report of the last year, has been printed, and we shall make a short extract from it:—"The founders of the Association," he observes, "form no visionary hopes of what such institutions can effect. We know that the progress of discovery can no more be suddenly accelerated by a word of command uttered by a multitude, than by a single voice. There is, as was long ago said, no royal road to knowledge—no possibility of shortening the way, because he who wishes to travel along it is the most powerful one; and just as little is there any mode of making it shorter, because they who press forward are many. We must all start from our actual position, and we cannot accelerate our advance by any method of giving to each man his mile of the march. Yet something we may do: we may take care that those who come ready and willing for the road, shall start from the proper point and in the proper direction;—shall not scramble over broken ground, when there is a causeway parallel to their path, nor set off confidently from an advanced point when the first steps of the road are still doubtful;—shall not waste their powers in struggling forwards where movement is not progress, and shall have pointed out to them all glimmerings of light, through the dense and deep screen which divides us from the next bright region of philosophical truth. We cannot create, we cannot even direct the powers of discovery, but we may perhaps aid them to direct themselves; we may perhaps enable them to feel how many of us are ready to admire their success; and willing, so far as it is possible for intellects of a common pitch, to minister to their exertions."—The meeting for next year is to take place at Edinburgh in September.—Sir J. M. Brisbane, President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, being appointed President, Sir David Brewster, Vice-President, and Dr. Robertson and Professor Forbes, Secretaries.

The Bridgewater Treatises.—"Why, Kidd," said an old collegiate acquaintance, after reading the review in the *Athenæum*, "must have been asleep when he wrote his book." "Then," answered his friend, "he was Kidd-napping, and deserved punishment."

Shrewsbury Clock.—Ritson in one of his letters, speaking of Shrewsbury, says, "Lord Mansfield once asked the Mayor, if that were the clock (pointing to it) by which Sir John Falstaff fought his long hour; to which the venerable magistrate gravely replied, he really did not know, as he had not the pleasure of being acquainted with the gentleman."

Vicissitudes of Fortune.—During the reign of Jamund, Sultan Mahmood Ghaznery conquered Gujerat; and, in consideration of a certain annual tribute, placed upon the throne a descendant of the ancient Rajahs, and then returned by the way of Lind, carrying captive with him, by the desire of the new monarch, another prince of the same family. Some time after, the new king, either through prudence or dread, desired the Sultan to send back the captive prince. When he was arrived near Putten, the king went out himself to meet him, apprehensive that otherwise designing people might insinuate themselves into his friendship, and occasion mischief. Accidentally, the very day that they met, the king fell asleep under a tree, when a wild beast, or bird, plucked out his eyes. Since, according to the laws of the land, a person who was blind could not hold the kingdom, his troops seized him, and, in his stead, raised to the throne him who had before been prisoner. —*Ayeen Akbery.*

Sympathy of Insects.—When we came into the parlour of the inn at Fermoy, we found it black with flies. "Why do you not destroy these flies?" we inquired of the landlord. "Bless you," he replied, "that would only make the matter worse; whenever we kill one, all his acquaintances come to the funeral."—*Cary's Letters from Ireland.*

The Tailor's Dream.—A tailor of Bagdad during a severe illness dreamed that an angel appeared before him, bearing an immense flag formed from the pieces of cloth which he had abstracted at different times from his customers, and that he chastised him severely with a rod of iron while he waved the flag before his eyes. He woke in an agony of terror, and vowed that he would never again steal cloth from his employers. Fearing however the influence of future temptations, he ordered his servant to remind him of the flag, whenever he saw him too sorely tempted. For some time the servant's hint checked the tailor's avarice; but at length a nobleman sent him a piece of rich brocade to make a robe, whose beauty proved too strong for the tailor's resolution. "The flag, the flag," shouted the servant, when he saw the shears taking a suspicious direction. "Curse you and the flag," answered the tailor, "there was not a bit of stuff like this in it; besides there was a piece wanting in one of the corners, which this remnant will exactly supply." —*Latifah Námeh.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

| Days of Year. | Thermom. | Baromet. | Winds. | Weather. |
|---------------------|----------|----------|------------|----------|
| W. Mon. Max. Min. | | Noon. | | |
| Thurs. 27 | 75 55 | 29.55 | S.W. | Showers. |
| Fri. 28 | 82 59 | 29.50 | S.E. | Clear. |
| Sat. 29 | 76 51 | Stat. | S.W. | Ditto. |
| Sun. 30 | 80 49 | 29.60 | S. to S.W. | Ditto. |
| Mon. 1 | 71 42 | 29.53 | S. to S.W. | Showers. |
| Tues. 2 | 68 45 | 29.60 | W. to N.W. | Clear. |
| Wed. 3 | 72 45 | Stat. | S.W. to S. | Showers. |

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrus in all its varieties, Cumulus, Nimbus.

Mean temperature of the week, 62°. Greatest variation, 40°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.575.

Nights fair; mornings fair excepting Monday: Thunder, P.M. on Monday and Wednesday.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 6 min.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Coloured Views of Niagara and Quebec; Engraved and Coloured in Imitation of the Drawings taken on the spot by Lieutenant-Colonel Cockburn.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We think it well to state to J. M., that his letter dated 10th of June was not received until the 3rd of July, and that the book has not yet reached us.

Alpha received.

Δ. J. D.—W. C. received.

Archæus—next season.

We thank our Durham Friend, but the subject was long since well-considered.

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